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The Front Page

ASY money is what too many men are looking for, and at least some of them appear to be finding chunks of it occasionally. Just sufficient traces of easy money have been found in Toronto to induce prospectors to remain here rather than face the uncertainties and the mosquitoes of the Cobalt region. There are some curious facts about the exposures made during the civic investigation. For instance it is found that the long and careful inquiry scarcely revealed one reprehensible act on anybody's part that was not known to the authorities beforehand by means of underground information. There is significance in this, for it implies either that a crooked transaction is bound to leak out and travel to the authorities in the gossip of the street, or, that however plentiful crooked transactions may be men will walk in procession through the witness box and swear themselves innocent of anything unless they know that their guilt can be proven. Which is it? Does crime leave so permanent a spot on the clean surface of our municipal politics that it is bound to be detected long after, or do men swear glibly whatever lie will protect them so long as they feel sure that nobody will turn informer? Another singular feature of the inquiry has been that when witnesses have given evidence as to bribes or commissions or rakes-off having been paid to individuals, they seem but to have been able to testify to the bare facts—the bare facts as revealed by bookkeeping or as they had leaked out through the indiscreet talk of somebody. Is it probable that one man who hunts money like a bloodhound will pay another of his species one, two, or three hundred dollars without indulging in speech on the subject, without remembering why he thought he did it, where it occurred, or what the recipient said on the occasion? Where money is paid for no value received, where the romance of rascality distinguishes the event, could a man forget it? Not if it were a rare thing—not if it occurred as seldom as the evidence of the witness makes it appear. Surely if one man buys another's honor on the marketplace—makes his first and only purchase of the kind—he will remember the occasion and every word and look that went with the moment. He will remember his own sensations, and recall the reasoning by which he justified his own part in the transaction. He will know whether he was asked to put up the money, and if so, whether he was shocked when asked; or he will remember whether he dreaded to offer it lest he should insult the other man, and having offered it, whether the other man showed any sign of affront or snapped at it like a wolf. Since the investigation opened months ago there has been an inadequacy about the evidence given by those who have established facts damaging to various persons. They have remembered too little about transactions which were they solitary and singular departures from virtue. would have seared every detail on their memories. Men do not forget such things.

HERE is one phase of the life insurance business brought out by the work of the Commission that will excite the surprise of the public almost as much as it excites the admiration of the insurance company officials who testify to it in their evidence, and that is the fine philanthropy of the directors when they make a bad investment or find the company of which they have control making a poor financial showing. They simply go down in their dips and put up enough spot cash to make everything lovely. There have been two such cases. When the Imperial Life was young and looking rather pale about the gills, Messrs. Cox, Flavelle, and Ames agreed that something had to be done for this child of their joint affections. So they reached into their jeans and paid over \$91,000 in cash as a straight gift to the company. It was not a loan, nor any kind of a profit-bearing investment, but hand-out, and the money flowed through the veins of the company like the rich, red blood of money earned by the exercise of its natural functions as an insurance company. Was that not a fine example of generosity? There is another case. When the Continental Life heard that the Atlas Loan Company was going up, the directors at once distributed among themselves some \$30,000 of this practically worthless stock held by the insurance company. They thought that this loss, if publicly known, would injure the insurance company, so they stepped up and paid good money for valueless stocks. This bit of generosity cost these gentlemen about \$30,000, although when the insurance company bought the shares they were considered a good investment. If such are the sacrifices that men must make in the insurance business, one's surprise grows that anybody can be found willing to risk the dangers of being an insurance director. But we come of a race of men who will face anything.

There is another side to all this fine philanthropy business, however. The purpose in having State inspection of companies is to procure annual reports on the business done, in order to make sure of the solvency of the companies and the legitimacy of their methods. A large sum of money plucked out of the air and thrown among a company's receipts for the year, makes an accurate knowledge of its real condition impossible. A \$30,000 loss made good by the directors is not a normal and characteristic piece of business. It produces a deceptive situation, because a company may go on incurring losses without the directors continuing to make them good. Several of the companies are found to have a system of bookkeeping in which the necessity for making entries at the time a transaction occurs is not urgent, and this easy method would make it possible for a money episode to wholly change its complexion as time went on. The purpose in having State inspection and laws governing the insurance business, is to ensure the issuance of reliable public information showing just what companies are doing and where they stand. With all companies alike the policyholder would deem it safer if all this intimacy between the business ventures of the company and those of the directors were severed. If the policyholder can get the profits that he should have, he

will forgo the benefit of such gifts as shareholders make, and will take his share of such losses as directors are occasionally disposed to make good.

IN several ways Canadians are too indifferent to matters affecting their self-interest and their self-respect. For one thing, Toronto is a border city. Not a day passes without bringing a stream of travellers on business or pleasure from the neighboring Republic. We have just had a visit from the National Editorial Association of the United States, whose members are the writers of political and other opinion in that country, east and west, north and south. They scarcely saw a Canadian flag in this city during their visit. Where a citizen or an official happened to think it would be well, in honor of the visitors, to hoist a flag, his sense of courtesy prompted him to put up not our flag alone, but that of the visitors as well. It would be interesting to know the impression created on these strangers. We know all about ourselves, but what impression are we creating in the minds of visitors by our indifference in a matter that they regard as of extreme importance? The tourist from the United States on entering Canada

to Niagara, and, generally, the trip is by way of C. P. R. or G. T. R. to Toronto, then by boat to Niagara Falls, and the Gorge Road to Niagara Falls, N.Y. In this trip is made only about one person in a hundredrosses over to the Canadian side, the rest spending time and money on the United States side. If questions are asked about the sights on the Canadian side, people are told that there is nothing to be seen over there. Every time one of these misdirected excursions takes place thousands of dollars of good Canadian money are needlessly sent out of the country. There is no reason why all this excursion business should not be guided along lines that will build up our own side of the Falls. We have got the scenery—the opposite shore has no advantage except the start and that indifference on our part to our own interests which it is time for us to throw off. Our railways and boats should cater to our own Niagara Falls—our people should make it a point to see our own Falls from our own precipices and they should no longer believe the libel that "there is nothing to see over there." There may be fewer fake schemes for relieving tourists of their money, but there is a sublime scene to witness, and there is a Canadian point of view to get, which no

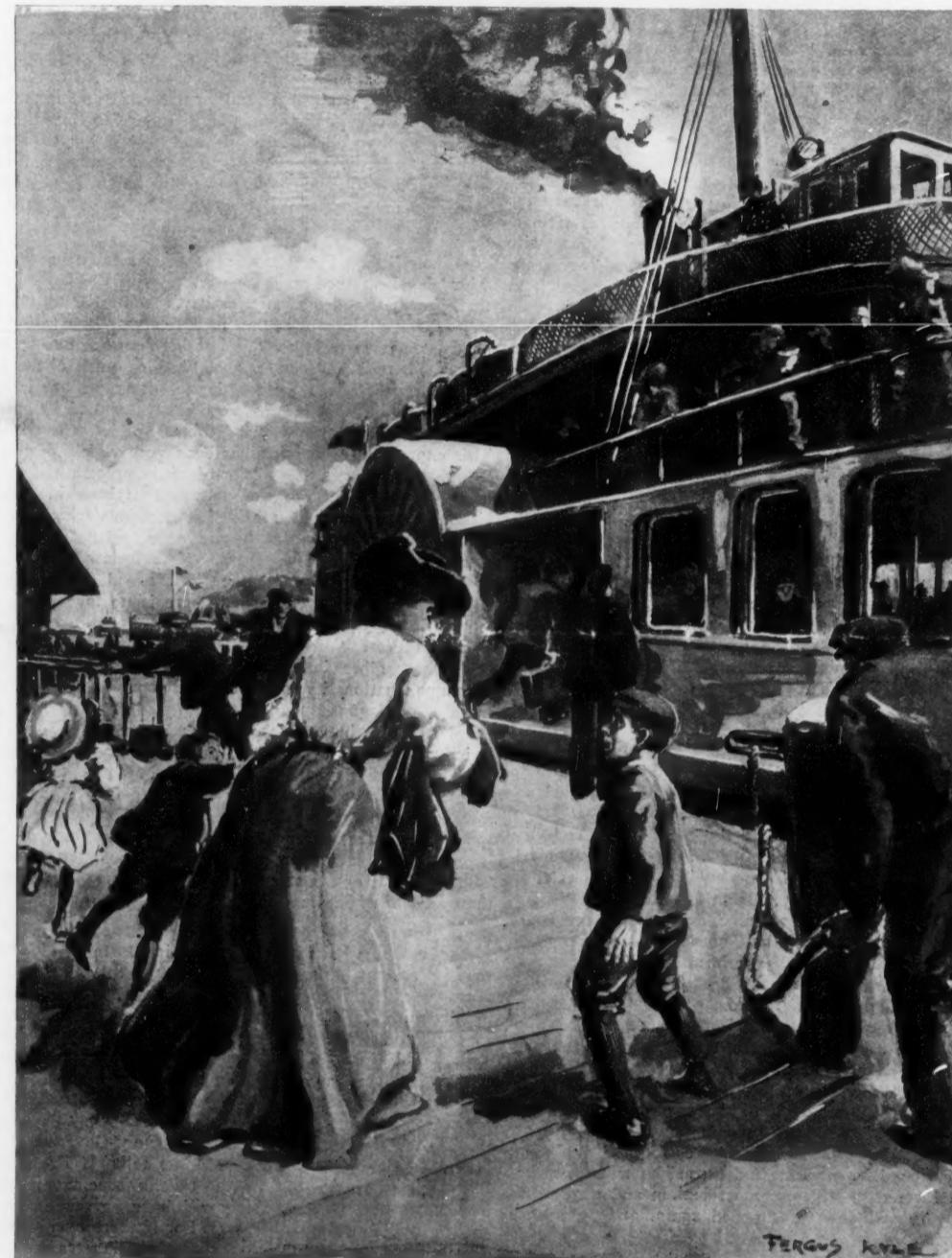
let through architects direct to a dozen different firms, and all kinds of delays arise without the blame falling fairly and squarely on anybody. Where fast building is done in Chicago and New York, the whole contract is taken by one man; and he sublets, and listens to no excuses. Penalty clauses for delay are not laughed at here. They have an even swifter way of putting up buildings. The contractor will undertake to put up a structure by a certain date for cost and a lump sum. The contractor buys everything, rushes the building up; the owner pays the bills, and gives the contractor his fee. In this city builders are seldom given such a chance as that to show their speed, although after the big fire some buildings were quickly put up on the percentage basis—the owner taking all risk on the cost of materials, the builder not tendering, but receiving a percentage on the total cost.

If we build more slowly here than across the border, it is because there is not the same pressure behind—there is not the same call for speed and the price is not paid for it. The owner does not build every day; he wants a good building, and he squats on the job himself. The architect wants to let each contract separately, so that he can keep his hand on every detail and save money—he's a regular wolf for saving money. It may be the sound system, but it does not make for speed, and we approach a time when speed will count for more than it has done. Sometimes they spoil things with mad speed across the border. A Toronto man who inspected the Christian Science Temple in Boston tells me that the building was opened months too soon, and almost ruined in consequence. The finest kind of interior work was done in advance of some of the coarsest work connected with the roofs and walls, with the result that the interior is hopelessly damaged, not to mention those imperfections, due to haste, not seen by the casual observer. That a structure so costly and of so ambitious an architecture should have been spoiled by the mad gallop in which it was thrown together, there will be long leisure to regret. Perhaps, in Canada, we might hit upon a rate of speed that would be fast enough for all purposes and yet slow enough to permit of staunch workmanship and something better than papier-mâche carvings.

HERE may be some significance in the fact that the Whitney Government in naming the Board of Governors for the University of Toronto, included every member of the University Commission except Mr. Colquhoun, who as Deputy Minister of Education, was ineligible, and Canon Cody, who has been much mentioned as the possible new President. Why was he, alone of the Commissioners, overlooked in naming the Governors? Perhaps it was in order that his candidature for a more important post should not be impaired.

THE Standard Oil Company is said to have a scheme on hand to make the biggest killing in the history of the world, and curiously enough they describe it as a plan to popularize the company with the public. The project is to take the \$100,000,000 capital of Standard Oil, swell it with water to \$600,000,000, buy up all rival concerns, paying for them in stock, distribute \$350,000,000 of the new stock by way of bonus among the present holders, and sell \$250,000,000 to the buying public. The shares sold to the general public will scatter into many hands and thus popularize the company, through interesting a multitude of people in it. Such is the Standard Oil line of reasoning, according to press despatches. This would, if carried through, be the biggest killing in the whole history of the game, and it is refreshing to be told that the purpose would be to popularize this company, which has drifted into a position where it incurs public hostility. The great mass of the people would still be outside the concern and would have their grounds for hostility multiplied by six. Labor and Capital have their historic quarrel; but there is another quarrel looming up between the whole body of the people and the water that capital associates with itself. The struggle that goes on between the manufacturer and his employees on the wage question is a trifling thing compared with the conflict that must arise in time between the body of the people—employers and employees alike—and those who exact interest on money that never existed. Over-capitalization, watered stock, the swift making of millions of dollars out of nothing, the mortgaging by the few of the prospective prosperity of the many—are the people always to remain incapable of freeing themselves from these conditions? We allow all kinds of companies performing public services to capitalize about as they choose, to water stock, to present themselves with bonuses, and then when rates are high, we tolerate the excuse that they must pay dividends on these fictitious valuations. In view of the present state of feeling in the United States, the time would not seem suited for the bringing off of a grand killing by Standard Oil.

IN some quarters the opinion seems to prevail that, but for restrictive laws, every daily newspaper in the country would publish on Sunday, just as on other days. As a rule, however, the daily newspaper man earns, needs, and wants his day of rest in seven about as much as any other man, and favors the law that prevents one man from plunging all into the Sunday newspaper business. Six days a week is often enough for a newspaper to issue—often enough for those who produce it, and often enough for those who read it. One might suppose that those who make profits from a daily newspaper might favor printing every day in the year, but I know only one man in that class—and I am not sure about him—who would publish seven days in the week if the law allowed it. Where there is continuous publication printers and pressmen can secure a day's rest in seven, but not so those in responsible positions either as writers or handlers of business. They find themselves chained continuously to their work. The general manager cannot divest himself of his feeling of responsibility and the editor-in-chief is hounded every day in the year by his cares. They, least of all, want to see Sunday editions. An every-day daily is a killing-shop for editors and reporters. There is a fiction that each man gets his day off every week, but even when he gets the day, it is



TRAGEDY

"Ma, I've left the lunch-box on the street-car!"

observes that he has apparently entered a flagless country. He does not know—how could he?—that it is but a difference in fashion and habit between his country and ours that prevents us plastering our flag over all parts of the scenery as is done with his flag at home.

His inevitable conclusion is that we lack something that he has got; that we but make pretence of being a nation; that we are just about as ready to honor his flag as our own. Why should he not think so? If he be a man who bases his opinions on outward appearances he will travel through Toronto, Muskoka, or the Thousand Islands, and carry that impression home with him. It is taken for granted in Ontario that our visitors will understand that we fly their flag as an act of civility to them, but we leave out of our calculations the fact that these visitors at home have no such form of civility in showing hospitality to strangers, and so they wholly mislead us.

They think we have no flag-attachment at all, because we tolerate theirs with ours as they would never tolerate ours with theirs. In Muskoka a Yankee merchant spending the summer in a cottage extracts no greater pleasure from anything connected with his visit than from his flags, which he thrusts forward in a foreign land with a nerve that delights his heart. He will fly it on his house, he will fly it on his launch in contempt of marine law—it tickles him to taunt the wind with it away from home and to spread it out bigger and bolder than the flag of the country he is in. Where these men make so uncivil response to local civility there is call for a new attitude towards them.

A NOTHER, somewhat similar matter, concerns the excursions from Ontario towns to Niagara Falls. A great many of these excursions are run every season

citizen of the country should be without. Both self-respect and self-interest are involved in this. Three years of effort would produce marked results on the Canadian side of the Falls.

A MAN from Chicago has begun the work of clearing away the ruins of the fire to prepare the ground for the building of the new Union Station, and men will stand around as the work goes on, saying to each other that these fellows from across the line are the ones to hustle when you want a big job done in a hurry. As the Traders Bank sky-scraper went up, people gathered on the corner of King and Yonge streets, making remarks like that, not knowing that the only part of the work in which any particular speed was shown—the structural iron work—was put up by a Canadian firm with headquarters in Hamilton. But if the people next door keep telling us that they are hustlers, and if we keep telling each other that they are hustlers—they do not need to hustle much to keep their reputation up. There are contractors in Toronto who are not prepared to admit that contractors from the other side can come in here and put up a Union Station, a new theater, or a sky-scraper any faster than it can be done by a local man—if the conditions were made the same for a local man as for the imported contractor. Frequently the stranger is brought in where he has plain sailing and every chance to make a record that local men on ordinary work do not get. Men in this country are not slow—they are just as fast as they make them, and across the border, where great building feats are being done, Canadians are, in many instances, in full direction of the operations. If the average building in Toronto is put up in too leisurely a way, the fault probably lies with the system, by which all contracts are

not a day of rest, and frequently he is wheeled out of it or it is gruffly wrested from him. On the whole, there is no ground for the belief that journalism favors Sunday newspapers in Canada. Opinion among journalists is strongly against it, and even editors who resent the too strict laws imposed on us with reference to Sunday, would resist the introduction of seven newspapers each week. But should one publisher, knowing the reluctance of others to enter the field, begin a Sunday daily and be allowed to continue it, others would follow and competition in the business would run mad.

Toronto is fortunate in her Sunday. It is a day that suits neither the man who would like to see it wide-open, nor the one who would like to see it closed with sealing-wax. It is a day of rest, in the best modern sense. You can take your ease in your home, free from all business interruption; you can attend church; you can walk abroad, free from all the clangor of the week; you can visit friends, using street cars to get to parts of the city that you are unable at other times to visit, or you can take a car to one of the parks or to a point where you can begin a walk in the country. The operation of the street cars has brought none of the evils predicted by people nervous about the abuse of Sunday, and there is no good reason for believing that public opinion here is one bit readier than it was ten years ago to sanction open bars, baseball matches, and other undesirable or noisy distractions. But I quite fail to see why the suburban electric railway lines should not be operated on Sunday. In so far as these lines would cause the employment of Sunday labor there is no doubt their operation would free more labor than it would employ. Hundreds of horses would roam in pasture that now toil on dusty roads. If we may take an electric car to High Park why not to Lorne Park—why not give the people of the city the full benefit of their environment? These suburban lines will operate on Sunday sooner or later, but, probably, a bitter fight will have to precede the change.

MACK.

Individualities.

Princess Elizabeth of Belgium, wife of Prince Albert, heir-apparent to the throne, is probably the most accomplished and versatile of the Continental princesses. She is the daughter of Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, the famous occultist. The Princess, who has inherited her father's scientific tastes, has taken her degree of M.D., and could, if necessary, act as physician to her husband and children.

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Lord Curzon has become a martyr to neuritis. He has consulted the best neurologists in London and Paris, has undergone the latest electric and massage treatment without obtaining the slightest relief. His physicians advise him to live in some dry and equable climate for a year, and to abandon society and politics. Curzon is unwilling to take their advice. His political future might be ruined if he should withdraw at the present juncture.

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The name of Dr. Richard Garnett, who died in London the other day, will ever be associated with the great work of cataloguing the vast library of the British Museum. The Treasury agreed to set aside \$50,000 a year for the purpose, and the work of editing the new catalogue was handed over to him. By 1880 the presses were at work and ten years later the task was completed. The catalogue of to-day consists of 800 volumes in all and contains nearly 4,000,000 entries, including the cross references. Nearly 60,000 fresh entries are added each year.

* * *

The Emperor of Austria is, on account of the pressure of years and the never-ending strife in his dual Kingdom, becoming weary of his throne. *Harper's Weekly* remarks: "The good old man surely has had a hard time, but if he can only manage to hang on till March 4, 1908, we may be in a position to make a temporary loan of an expert ruler capable of fixing up things to everybody's complete satisfaction in about a minute and a half." But then *Harper's* is stiffly Democratic.

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It is evident that William Jennings Bryan, who is having a boom for the Presidency of the United States, does not specify while travelling. At all events he has not been spreading himself in German. The New York *World* sent a cablegram to Mr. Bryan last week informing him that several Democratic State conventions had recently indorsed him as candidate for the Presidency in 1908. The cablegram was addressed to Mr. Bryan at Dresden, Germany. The cablegram was returned to the *World* with this formal notice from the cable company: "Your cablegram addressed to William Jennings Bryan, Dresden, not delivered. Party not known."

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Chauncey Depew has been taken in hand by Billy Muldoon, the traiher, who is trying to make a new man of the United States Senator on Muldoon's farm at White Plains. Depew is leading the simple life. Muldoon sends him to bed at 9 o'clock and rounds him out promptly at 6. He has put him on a horse and made him ride a trot for miles, given him ice-cold shower baths and mercilessly put him through a course of sprouts with dumbbells, weights, and a medicine ball. The Senator has improved greatly. If he had gone back to the land and taken training like this some years ago, and stuck at it, he might perhaps have avoided some of the unpleasant publicity he has been treated to of late.

* * *

John Philip Sousa, the composer and band conductor, believes that talking machines will drive the vocal chords into a state of uselessness due to disuse. He prophesied as much at a joint session of the United States Senate and House Committees on Patents, which was called to hear the new copyright bill discussed. "I tell you the human voice is not heard as it used to be," he said, "and I prophesy that the vocal chords may by this disuse become useless. Another evidence that these machines are taking the musical initiative from our people is that the sale of the banjo, the mandolin and the guitar are greatly decreasing, and the dealers tell us this is on account of the increased use of these talking machines." Many people will be old-fashioned enough to sincerely hope that the March King is wrong in his prediction.

* * *

The Countess of Aberdeen's prediction, made at the International Council of Women in Paris, that the woman of France will be the first to obtain the voting privilege is causing considerable surprised comment. Most people think of France as one of the last countries in the world in which "the woman question" would become a live issue. Lady Aberdeen points out, however, that the growth of feminism in France of late years has been rapid. She tells us to cast aside recollections of the Salic law, and forget the fact that the French have no word for home.



ANOTHER MOTOR SMASH.

"She was pinned underneath the car and was unconscious to the end. Dreadful, wasn't it?"

"Awful to think of. Didn't even have time to put her writing desk in order."

American woman suffragists were for years divided into two bitterly hostile factions on the question whether to work with the public in the several States or to appeal direct to Congress. The French feminist adopts the latter course without hesitation. According to the Countess of Aberdeen, she has commenced by trying to convince the legislator instead of the public.

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An amusing story is told of Count Witte's acumen. Zubatoff, Russian agent provocateur of police, asked Father Capon to write a certain report for presentation to Mr. Witte about labor organizations, and as if emanating from the men themselves. Father Capon, with the aim of making a tool of Zubatoff, agreed, wrote the report, and a delegation of the workmen presented it to Mr. Witte. The latter read the report through, then calmly asked: "Did you write this, gentlemen?" "Yes," they answered. "Then you ought to become journalists." Mr. Witte replied; and with these words he dismissed them.

Hard Work in Being a Doctor.

A woman asked Conan Doyle one day why he had given up the practice of medicine.

"Because the work was too hard," Doyle answered. "Oh, it can't be hard to be a doctor."

"It is both hard and unpleasant. And to prove it," said the novelist, "I'll tell you about my first case."

"My first case came to me in the middle of the night. It was January, and a cold rain was falling. The jangle of the door bell awoke me from a sound sleep, and shivering and yawning, I put my head out of the window and said, 'Who's there?'

"Doctor," said a voice, "can you come to Peter Smith's house at once?"

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Smith's youngest girl has took a dose of laudanum in mistake for paregoric, and we're afraid she'll die."

"All right; I'll come," said I.

"I dressed, and I tramped three miles through the cold and the rain to Smith's. Twice, on the way, I fell on the icy pavement, and once my hat blew off, and in the darkness I was nearly half an hour finding it.

"Finally, though, I reached Smith's. But the house was dark—shutters all closed—not a light. I rang the bell. No answer. But at last a head stuck itself gingerly out of a third-story window.

"Be you Dr. Doyle?" it said.

"Yes," said I. "Let me in."

"Oh, no need to come in, doctor," said the head. "The child's all right now. Sleeping very quiet."

"But how much laudanum did you give it?" said I.

"Only two drops, doctor. Not enough to hurt a cat. I guess I'd better take my head in now. The night air is cold. Good night. Sorry to have troubled you."

"I buttoned up my coat and turned homeward, trying as best I could to stifle my mortification and anger. But suddenly the window was raised again, and the same voice cried:

"Doctor! I say, doctor!"

"I hurried back. I thought the child had suddenly taken a turn for the worse. 'Well, what do you want?' I said.

"The voice made answer:

"'Ye won't charge nothin' for this visit, will ye?'

Biblical Plays.

The development and expansion of the Biblical drama is responsible for a controversy which, in England at least, has assumed grave proportions, writes Miss Agnes Repplier in *Life*. Serious writers in serious magazines are seriously quoting Archilochus, Lucretius and the *Manuel de Peche* to prove that we are better or worse for going to see *The Prodigal Son* or *The Shepherd King*. It is clearly understood that if the "Nonconformist conscience" (we have its equivalent here) can be set at rest on this important point, the fortunes of the Biblical dramatist are made. Most of us dislike to face the theory of our amusements, and a word of commendation from a popular preacher will carry a play farther on its way than the exhaustive praise of critics.

It is strange that the sight of a civilized world struggling tensely with fearful issues cannot supply English-speaking playwrights with all the subject matter they require. The dramatic nature of our great social, financial and racial problems is apparent to every scribbler for the press; and journalism walks buskin through the land. But the pensive dramatist, unwarmed by the heat of conflict, is busy adapting romantic novels for the stage; and when these fail him he goes to work on his Bible. Abraham as a *jeune premier*, Jezebel for an adventures, the Witch of Endor for lime-lights and sensation. A few Sunday school posters, a few lying truisms about the drama as a "moral force" or a "spiritual engine," a few encomiums from the pulpit, and the process is complete. Its simplicity commands it to the playwright, its ethics to the controversialist, its returns to the manager. The audience doesn't count.

Pithy Opinion.

It is only twenty years this month since the first electric car was put on the rails in Canada—at Windsor, Ontario. What progress has been made in the use of electricity since then! And what may we not expect through the development of the next twenty years?—London (Ont.) *Advertiser*.

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People who are not Christian Scientists need not scratch their heads and wonder how it is possible for that particular sect to erect two million dollar temple in Boston. The Christian Scientists have simply saved that amount of money in medicines which they did not purchase.—*Galt Reformer*.

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The one hundred and thirty branch American industries established in Canada tell how the Washington politicians have overreached themselves by their tariff exclusion. Canada has more to offer U. S. manufacturers than a share of the home market. As a base for the manufacture of machines and wares for the British Empire at large, Canada stands first among the colonial outposts.—London (Ont.) *Free Press*.

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The New York *World*, crediting Mr. John Rockefeller with \$615,000,000 at the present time, computes, with the aid of pictures and colored inks, that thirty-three years from now his fortune will be over twenty-five billions. What preposterous arithmetic! Money can't be expected to double more than twice in thirty-three years. Call it two and one-half billions. That's plenty; more by far than Mr. R.'s savings will ever 'tote up to, no matter how long he is spared.—*Harper's Weekly*.

* * *

Dr. Gilmour, warden of the Central Prison, at Toronto, does not approve of the present ticket-of-leave system. He charges that the man with a lawyer behind him with influential friends, comes into the prison and snaps his fingers in his face, is released on a ticket-of-leave, snaps his fingers in his face and goes out. Other prisoners who have no friends, resent this and it makes reform work more difficult. If these are the conditions the system is being abused. It was only meant to apply to those men whose future good conduct appeared assured. The man who gloats over his jailer is not that kind of a man.—*Montreal Gazette*.

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When Bishop Potter got home from foreign parts the other day he talked to the reporters with the amiability that becomes a democratic prelate, and said to them, among other things, speaking of England: "You can depend upon it there is no love lost between the two countries. There is, I fear, a good deal of gush about it. The more acute and serious do not think we are a lot of grafters, but that we are very easily tempted by gain. It is the general crowd that thinks of us otherwise." This expression of opinion has been very widely discussed, and has grieved the spirits of many protestants, who have written letters to the newspapers about it. The bishop had undoubtedly received impressions which warranted him in speaking as he did. He said he got them from the English newspapers. Nevertheless, there is nothing in his opinion, whether it is sound or not, that should give any one concern. There is no love lost between South Carolina and Massachusetts; between the East and West. We are all critics of one another, and swap sharp gibes from time to time, but still the tie of a common nationality is extremely strong. And there is a tie of analogous quality, though, of course, not of equal strength, between the Americans and the English. It is by no means an exclusive intimacy, nor incompatible with hard feelings, hard words, and even blows. The less people gush about it, the better; but it is a fact, a physical fact, and one of very considerable political and economic importance. Remember that in Latin and in some other languages, the same word means "enemy" and "stranger." The British are less strangers to us and we to them, than any other people.—*Harper's Weekly*.

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A staunch Administration paper in Boston declares that President Roosevelt is now ready to take up the question of tariff revision so far as it pertains to reciprocity with Canada, and that he will make it the issue of the Republican party in the fall Congressional elections. This form of tariff revision has long had many friends in New England and in the border States, but it has been checkmated by the short-sighted bigotry of the high protectionists in the central States. On this issue the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts was nearly elected last fall. If President Roosevelt can succeed in making this an issue among the Republican "stand-patters" he will have given to his party a real educational service. For if there ever was a time when the States could ignore Canadian trade, that time is forever gone. Conditions are changed and Canada is to be reckoned with. No man is better able to read the signs of the times than America's greatest railroad builder, James J. Hill, who has declared that the tariff laws of both Canada and the States will soon have to go through many changes, that the interests of the two countries are common, and that their industries are linked together by geographical ties too strong to be divided by any political bonds. American statesmen are building wisely in fostering both the political and commercial good-will of all American republics. The peace treaty of Argentina and Chile has done much to show the world how to reach a greater industrial prosperity. But while the Pan-American Congress is in session at Rio de Janeiro this summer let the politicians at home, under the strenuous leadership of President Roosevelt, and supported by every independent publication, remind the American people that in no place is the Pan-American spirit of international unity so much needed as right here at home.—*Collier's Weekly*.

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Social and Personal

The last day of June was made interesting to society by the marriage of Miss Maude Williams and Professor McGregor Young, which event took place in St. Thomas' church, at half past two o'clock, Rev. Canon Cody being the officiating minister, and the choir and organist taking part in the service. The church was most effectively and gracefully decorated with marguerites and ferns, each pew having its smart nosegay and bow of white ribbon, and an arch of ferns and flowers spanning the main aisle where the reserved seats began. The carved chancel screen was daintily festooned with asparagus ferns, and the festival altar hangings of white and gold, the lighted electrolights and the twinkling altar lights made the scene one of gladness and beauty. The bride's procession was headed by the ushers, Mr. R. B. Henderson, Mr. Jack Counsell, and Mr. Cassells. Miss Mackenzie and Miss Grace Mackenzie of Venetia following as bridesmaids, and Miss Cameron of Montreal, cousin of the bride, as maid of honor, immediately preceding the bride, who was brought in and given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. D. D. Mann. The exquisite wedding gown was of Valenciennes lace over Liberty satin, panelled with fine Irish lace, and made after one of Doucet's most charming Empire models. The train was of great length. The veil was of tulle with a wreath of orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of mauve orchids and lily of the valley, dream of airy beauty, and the bride looked her best, as everyone remarked. The bridesmaids wore dainty white batiste frocks, with insertions and embroideries, the maid of honor having mauve trimmings on her white chapeau, and her bouquet a huge circle of mauve sweet peas, and the two fair sister bridesmaids having pink slips under their white gowns, touches of pink on their hats and large bouquets of pink sweet peas. Mr. Eddie Cronyn was groomsman. During and after the service the choir sang a couple of hymns and a canticle, and the large company of smartly gowned women and prominent men awaited with what patience they could, in the intense heat of the day, the coming of the newly-married pair from the vestry, where the register was signed. The rain ceased before the service was over, and, though it came on again, cleared most considerately before Mr. and Mrs. Young left for the train. The reception and *déjeuner* were given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Mann, and the whole expanse of lawn behind the house was completely covered with a huge white tent and smaller white and red pagodas of canvas, connected by corridors to match. The grouping of the tents and the arrangement and decoration of the long tables was supervised by Mr. Arthur Hills, whose friendly offices were distinguished by great taste and success. The buffets were decorated with splendid groups of Beauty roses, and a host of quartette tables were arranged for such of the guests as could secure them. In the middle of the table stood the *gâteau des noces*, crowned with white flowers, and while the tide of fun and frolic was at its height Mr. Hammond proposed the health of the bride and groom, in a smart little speech, to which the bridegroom responded in eloquent and polished periods, quite a speech to be remembered, and greeted with cheers and a chorus led by the large orchestra. Mr. Young gave "The Bridesmaids," and Mr. Henderson made a fitting acknowledgment on their behalf, Mr. Cronyn having been obliged to leave town on business before the reception. Never was a jollier wedding breakfast, nor a happier looking bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Young left for their honeymoon by private car on the afternoon train, the bride travelling in a dainty pink linen suit, and pink lingerie hat. Confetti and rice by the pound flew after them as they ran to their carriage, and the lucky shoe was not wanting to follow them, with the best of good wishes, from many sincere friends who esteem them highly. The two rooms full of wedding gifts upstairs emphasized this friendly regard, and were evidence besides of the taste and generosity which guided their selection, being particularly rich and beautiful. Mrs. Mann wore a trim and simple gown of white embroidery and an ercu hat with roses at the wedding. Her tall young escort, Master Donald Mann, was at her side, and has already arrived at sedate and serious ways of fulfilling his duty as the only son. His gift to the bride was a phonograph of particularly engaging repertoire. This wedding is the second of a sister to take place from Mrs. Mann's hospitable home, and the best one can wish the bride and groom of last Saturday is a good measure of such happiness as has been the lot of Mr. and Mrs. Crossthwaite. The bridal car was decorated with flowers, and the send-off at the station was most original.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan and their children are at Oakville for the summer.

Quite a 'Varsity flavor was given to the Young-Williams wedding on Saturday by the presence of many of Professor Young's friends and fellow workers at the seat of learning. Mrs. Loudon, Principal Hutton, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. and Miss van der Smissen, and Professor McLellan were of the 'Varsity set at the wedding and reception.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gooderham and their family are

at their Island place. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Gooderham have taken the Albert Gooderham's Island house for the summer. Between sailing and motoring, with their beautiful cool Rosedale home to retire to, Major and Mrs. Albert Gooderham have decided to forgo the Island this year.

The good stork has called upon Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham Mitchell, with the gift of a son, who is the first great-grandson to Mrs. Gooderham of Wavenny.

Mr. Percival Ridout gave another of those delightful little teas at his home in Wellesley street on Tuesday, Lady Kirkpatrick receiving for him, and the guests of honor being Major and Mrs. Berger, and Major and Mrs. Selwyn, the former lady (*nee* Homer Dixon) looking the happy bride to perfection. The tea-table was daintily done in pink with ribbons and sweet peas, and the guests were mostly intimate friends who greatly enjoyed the pleasant hour.

A little "farewell" tea, before the hostess and her family leave the old-time home, was given by Mrs. Michie to a small circle of old friends on one afternoon this week. The gentle hostess has not been very well lately, but was fortunately able to be down stairs for the last cosy tea at the home in Wellington place.

His Honor Judge Magee has secured that nice residence on the north-east corner of Madison avenue and Bloor street, and his family have been occupying it for some little time. They are a welcome addition to Toronto society.

Mr. Walton, of Columbus, Georgia, spent a few days this week with Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt at Casa Loma, their place in Davenport road. Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt went up last week to Southwood, Orillia, Mr. Pellatt's summer place, and remained over the holiday.

Major and Mrs. Penchen's holiday week-end party at their summer place in Orillia was a huge success. The house party included some very pretty girls, and the smart company of young officers of the Q.O.R. who motored out on Saturday had a delightful visit, finishing with a dance at which some seventy guests were present on the evening of Dominion Day. Major and Mrs. Penchen were the best of hosts, and the young folks were most grateful for their hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips and their family have gone to Wistow, their summer place at Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lee are spending the holidays in Muskoka with Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Playfair.

Major and Mrs. Berger leave for England to-day, where they will remain until they sail for India in November.

Mrs. and Miss Marion Laidlaw have returned home.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Aimee Gascogne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. H. Buckner, to Mr. Reginald d'H. Blomfield, Dominion Bank, Edmonton, Alta., son of Mr. C. J. Blomfield, Lakefield, Ontario.

Senator Melvin Jones did not accompany his wife and daughter to England as has been reported, but returned to Llawhaden last week, and is now, I believe, at the Capital.

Judge and Mrs. Garrow and their family are to spend the holidays at Minicogashene, where a lot of people are going or have already arrived from Toronto.

Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., of St. Andrew's, has gone to Scotland to his son.

The stork called upon Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Wragge last Saturday in Nelson, B.C., with the gift of a little daughter. Miss Helena Thompson is with Mrs. Wragge and the new little niece for a visit.

Mrs. Arthur Sprague and Miss Florence Sprague left last Saturday for Golden, B.C., for the summer.

Mrs. Morden, 109 Spadina road, who has been visiting friends in Farnham, Quebec, returned home last week.

Colonel Swayne, lately Governor of Somaliland, is spending some time at the Royal Muskoka. Some friends are hoping he may pay Toronto a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Gooderham have Mr. Joe Beatty's pretty house at Centre Island this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty and their little daughter are at the Island, having taken Mr. Charlie Beatty's house this summer.

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He Looked for It.

He: Yes. I always sleep in gloves, keeps your hands so soft.

She: Really; and do you sleep in your hat, too?—London "Tatler."

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Old-Time Tales of the West

BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

Till we are built like angels, with hammer, and chisel, and pen.
We will work for ourselves and a woman, for ever and ever, Amen.

—Rudyard Kipling.

W E didn't know what was the matter with us in those old days, that is those who were under forty and unmarried. The parsons talked vaguely about original sin, and the few ladies of Edmonton peered out through the narrow windows of their sheltered homes in calm disapproval of dissipations which were impossible for them to understand. And we? We kept our eyes on every stage for the flutter of a skirt which might be the signal of our fate and in default inspected the addresses of the whisky permits.

The homeless, loveless lives of the young and red-blooded explain much of the dissipation of the Edmonton that was separated from the girl-crowded lands we had left by a week's railroad journey and five days of stage-coach.

If along the banks of the Saskatchewan are scattered the shattered hulks of many wrecked lives it may be that the soft, kindly beacon of home, love and children could be held aloft to but few of us. We weren't quite as bad as people might think who look back through the vista of years with modern standards.

"Jim," said I one night to a warm personal friend in his own shack where I had sought him under instructions from Lafferty & Moore, the Bankers of Edmonton of the Eighties, to whom he was indebted on an over-drawn account and under chattel mortgage. "Jim, I am under positive instructions to take action at once against you for the amount of your overdraft and also to foreclose the chattel mortgage on all your stock—unless—" Here I lowered my voice for I didn't wish the One in the next room who was lifting in the monotonous sing-song of the half-breed an old hymn tune she had learned at the Mission in her childhood, to hear what so nearly concerned her, "unless you give up your present relationship and manner of life. You know as well as I do that it invariably spells ruin, both moral and business, to every white man who lives it."

The strongly marked face of the sane, virile man addressed became drawn with intensity of thought. Complete financial disaster stared him in the face and he had lived longer in the West and understood more fully than I the truth of the warning. His lips quivered for a moment and he was about to speak and I felt that conventionality, business interests and the traditions of the white race had won, when there was a patter of soft, baby feet on the uncarpeted floor and a little night-gowned figure tottered falteringly with outstretched arms and a crowd of delight from the adjoining bedroom towards its father. The woman well knew "her man." The sound of a stifled sob came from the inner room and then all was silence as a man's whole future hung in the balance.

With baby persistency the little one, gurgling her words in English, French and Cree, clambered to her father's knee, buried her curly head on his shoulder and clasped with tiny, waxen fingers his great strong thumb.

There was an unwanted dewy softness in the small, hard, keen eyes of the young Western man as he looked straight into mine and held out his hand, the thumb tightly clasped by the baby fingers.

"That's what holds me, old man, holds me tighter than any mortgage or promissory note will ever hold. That's my answer."

And I wasn't big enough or cur enough to say a word as I quietly went away leaving father and child in each other's arms in the little shack.

WE were, under the circumstances, fairly conventional, however, on the North Saskatchewan. Popular opinion favored matrimony and from Lac St. Anne to the Beaver Hills there were many "Barkuses" who were perfectly "willin'." Either personally or vicariously we were all match-makers the moment the news of the coming of a sister or a cousin or an aunt, a governess a school-mistress or a servant girl spread throughout the district. Many of the matrons of the Edmonton of to-day little know how the sparks of hope and love was ignited in our breasts as a brother or an uncle would hand us a photograph saying: "My sister, my cousin or my aunt who is coming to keep house for me in the spring. I'm tired of batchin'." And with the proverbial blindness of male relations little did they think of the deep designs fostered in the minds and hearts of many of their guests to change, if possible, the current of domestic comfort as they looked at the smiling, simpering or deuine face in the photograph.

Even John A. McDougall between business and blushes became a match-maker. He had not been always so disposed. The servant-girl question was an acute one in those early days, and the difficulties of good domestic service with native women as the only source of supply were manifold. In the first years of his domestic life Mr. McDougall sought to overcome the discomforts of inefficient or inadequate domestic help by importing servant maids from the maid-crowded Province of Ontario. It failed. They would no sooner become acclimated and learn the geography of Mr. McDougall's kitchen than it would be announced blushingly that they intended to "give notice" as they were going to be married.

Mr. McDougall, as his success has shown, was a business man, a resourceful man as well as a humane man. He knew he couldn't tether his marrying servant-girls to the leg of the kitchen table, or hobble them like refractory broncos. He knew public opinion would be up in arms against a professedly Christian merchant who would set spring guns in his garden and a man-trap on his kitchen door-step, so having the conventional respect for a written contract, he, when in Ontario on a business trip, chose an angular, middle-aged woman with an unflattering cast in her eye, and an incipient moustache, and bound her down, as he thought, with a cast-iron contract not to marry for three years. She came, she saw, and she conquered. Love laughs at contracts as well as locksmiths, and Mr. McDougall learned that contracts in restraint of marriage were contrary to the spirit of British law. He was a good loser and became the match-maker par excellence of the district.

One day a customer from Stoney Plains, a young bachelor with more than the ordinary allowance of lonesomeness in his eyes, said to Mr. McDougall in the intervals of shopping:

"Say, Johnnie, I'm gettin' dead sick of it all. I'm

thinkin' of pullin' out of the country to a place where there are more people scattered among the scenery. I'll either do that or wake up some fine morning and find myself married to a squaw."

"Neither is necessary" said McDougall gravely, the light of a great purpose shining in his eyes. "There is a fine-looking, good woman working over at my place. Why not make a break and try your luck. She is a good, strong, hard-working girl, only ten or fifteen years older than you are. She's a determined sort of girl that knows her own mind and she'll either have you or knock you cold with a rolling pin in two or three days. She's from the County of Bruce."

"How'll I get a chance to hand out the regular amount of courtin' a girl like that thinks is coonin' to her?" asked the amorous swain from Stoney Plains.

"This way," said the respectable Edmonton merchant, the amateur Machiavellian match-maker: "The potatoes in that kitchen-garden of mine want hoeing. Now you go up and hoe those potatoes and take your time about it and you'll be right in the radius of her vision for two or three days. And when you want to have a word or two with her why go into the kitchen and ask for a drink of water. The courting and love-making you'll have to attend to yourself. That cannot be done by proxy except in Royal families."

Two days elapsed and Mr. McDougall noticed the love-light beginning to gather in the eyes of his middle-aged waiting maid, and in the off-handedness of the democratic West, said:

"That's a fine young fellow that has been working in the garden the last few days, Mary. What do you think of him?"

There was a faint blush on Mary's cheeks, a slight hesitancy in her answer and a worried look on her round face.

"He is that, Mr. McDougall, sure, a fine strapping young man, but I can't help thinkin' there's somethin' wrong with him inside. He's drunk a barrel and a half of cold water in two days and he's thirsty yet. Fine and well set-up as he is, I'm thinkin' the poor boy must be holler."

But the engagement was announced next day.

The Pure in Heart.

In the vale of the Cornwallis.

Lettice lies sleep.

And the tides forever moving

All about her creep.

And the five sea-rivers flowing

Day and night, keep coming, going,

But they rouse not little Lettice

From her sleep.

Through the marshes of Cornwallis,

Through the rusty red,

Slips the sea his shining fingers

All about her bed.

And the zigzag birds are strutting

Up above the bleak Cornwallis,

And the sad brown grasses singing

Round her head.

Little Lettice was my sister,

And we used to play

On the hills and by the beaches,

In the salt sea-spray.

Lettice loved the squirrel's chirring

And the crumpled leaves a-stirring

In the vale of the Cornwallis

All the day.

—Florence Wilkinson.

Miss Anna Strunsky of San Francisco, who at twenty-five is known to fame as a writer, speaker, and collaborator with Jack London, recently went to St. Petersburg on an errand connected with the revolutionary propaganda. There she met William English Walling, a young millionaire from Chicago, whom she married. Miss Strunsky, while a student at Leland Stanford Jr. University, helped Jack London write the *Kempton-Wace Letters*. The book was published anonymously in 1903. Walling is the son of Dr. Willoughby Walling, a Chicago physician. His grandfather, William C. English, ran for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket in 1883, and when he died left him a fortune of several millions.

John Sharp Williams, the minority leader of the United States House of Representatives, is seriously quitting politics for a professorship in the University of Virginia. The professorship would pay \$4,000 a year with quarters at the university. Mr. Williams, who is one of the wealthiest cotton planters of the South, is a profound student and was largely educated at Heidelberg in Germany. He attended that university while the present German Emperor was a student there. Mr. Williams is in direct line for election to the United States Senate



Lord Dedroke—There is one great trouble in your country in my opinion. Blood don't count, you know. Chicago Heiress—Now, don't you make any mistake why we just use that, and horns, hoofs, bristles, and well, you can bet nothing's wasted in poppa's business! —Punch.

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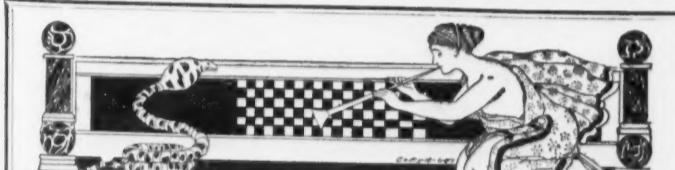
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30 Adelaide Street West.—Phone Main 8074.

Did Not Enjoy the Gallery.

Herbert Tate-Willis, the well-known authority on bridge, plays badly if there are too many onlookers about.

"As some people dislike any one to look over their shoulders while they are writing letters," he said recently, "so I dislike to have any one look over my shoulders while I am playing bridge."

"Two gentlemen were playing one night at a club to which I belong. While they played two other gentlemen entered the room. These latter two took their positions, each behind a player's chair, and, blowing cigar smoke into the players' ears, and breathing on the backs of their necks, they nodded sagely, or frowned, or whispered advice, as they deemed best. The pleasant game, in short, was quite spoiled."

"Sure, old man," was the reply, and the second player left the room.

"The substitutes played out their hands and had a new deal. They played out their hands again, and had another deal. They could not imagine what had become of the two men for whom they were substituting."

"A waiter entered the room, and one of the substitutes said:

"Waiter, where are Mr. A. and Mr. B., do you know?"

"Finally, one of the players rose.

"Would you mind playing this hand for a minute or two for me?" he said.

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The Only Way.

Montague Lessler of New York, who is a small man physically, was talking to some of his former associates in the United States House of Representatives.

"I am going to take a rest this summer," he said. "I have got on too much flesh and I intend to reduce a bit."

"How are you going to do it?" asked the two-hundred-pound Mark Smith of Arizona. "Cut off a leg?"

TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL

Montreal, July 5.

WITH the passing of the Van Horne Subsidy Bill by the Cuban Senate Sir William appears to have accomplished much toward completing the links of his railway system in that island. The bill gives \$6,000 per kilometre for the construction of twelve branch lines, connecting up the main system with various portions of the country. The work which Sir William Van Horne undertook was even greater than he anticipated when the project was launched shortly after the Spanish-American war. With a mix of smaller calibre at its head a failure might have resulted, for some of those who put their funds into the scheme became frightened when call after call was made for money, and it required all of Sir William's ability and financial strength to pull it through. The passing of the present bill will mean assistance to the tune of something like \$500,000 per year for a long time to come, and incidentally coupling up the main line with a lot of branches which will open up the country and make a lot of business. From the advent of this project Canada has seen little of Sir William for any protracted period. He comes and goes; a day in Montreal, then on to New York and off for Cuba again. There is no one who works harder than does Sir William. He will land in town on the morning train from New York, proceed to his home, closely followed by his secretary. Business will begin and proceed, with short interruption, till well into the night. His capacity for business is simply tremendous, and his keen brain works sharp, quick and decisively. Being Sir William's secretary is no light undertaking. Young Van Horne, Sir William's only son, who was married a few weeks ago to a Montreal lady, will, in the autumn, proceed to Cuba, there to take up some of his father's work.



MR. THOMAS J. DRUMMOND
MONTREAL.

Toronto, July 5.

THE uncertainty in the monetary situation has led to a free selling of securities during the week, and prices show a considerable decline in the chief speculative issues. This applies more to United States than to Canadian stocks, but so interwoven are both interests that any decided movement in either direction on Wall Street is usually felt on the domestic Exchanges. The expansion in banking credits at the present time exists in both countries owing to the enormous demands upon capital to facilitate the increased movement of merchandise and the development of new fields of industry. This is the growing time, with general prosperity prevailing. There is little capital for speculative purposes; but while Stock Exchange prices may crumble, it does not follow that legitimate commercial interests suffer. While speculation in securities will always be carried on to a greater or less extent, it is perhaps fortunate that Canadians at this time are not in the market to any extent. The relatively high prices have not been a stimulus to buying. Stocks for the most part are in what are termed good hands—that is they are chiefly held by the wealthier classes and lodged with companies that can see the game through. If any trouble arises, which is not at all likely, owing to the general prosperity of the country, the losses would fall to those who are the most able to bear them.

Of course there are a numerous class of investors who are on the outlook for bargains, and as *Investments*, prices decline many stocks will be picked up and paid for outright. At the present time, however, the investment demand is indifferent, probably for the reason that lower prices are expected. There are a number of attractive-looking securities which will yield from 4 1/2 to 5 1/4 per cent, and no doubt there are many small investors in the market for such issues. Some three or four millions in dividends were paid out in Toronto and Montreal at the beginning of this month, and a large share of this capital will be re-invested. The crop outlook in Canada continues unusually bright, and business generally gives evidence of great activity in the fall and winter months.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has just completed the most satisfactory year in its existence. The earnings of this company for the year ended June 30th show a greater increase than any other road on the continent, and its progress the past few years reflects the growth of the business interests of the Canadian North-West. The gross receipts of the road for the year just ended more than verify the optimistic view taken by the officials some months ago, when it was predicted that earnings would reach \$60,000,000. The amount taken was \$61,177,000, or an average of \$1,176,000 per week. The increase as compared with the previous year is \$11,185,000. The increase in 1904-1905 was \$3,500,000, while the increase in 1903-04 over the previous year was \$2,541,000. The net earnings for the past eleven months aggregated \$21,035,263, and for the twelve months they are likely to reach \$23,000,000.

The outstanding securities of the road have increased \$15,500,000 over the amount outstanding a year ago, and the increased charges and dividends on this account to be met this year will be about \$500,000. The latter figures would be larger by \$507,000 were it not for the fact that increased dividend disbursement, on account of the issue last year of \$16,900,000 of new stock, must be taken into account for only six months. The \$20,280,000 of new stock more recently offered to the stockholders will not be entitled to dividends in the current fiscal year. Next year this new stock will call for an increase of dividend disbursements of about \$1,228,800.

The clearings of banks in Toronto continue to increase at a good pace. As a business gauge no better test of the movement of the trade of the country could be had. The clearings at this point for the six months of the present year have nearly doubled those of the similar period five years ago. The total clearings for the half year, according to the returns of the Toronto Clearing House, are \$588,370,381. This compares with \$502,424,023 for the first half of 1905, \$380,974,939 in 1904, and \$301,654,000 in 1903. These figures are far in excess of similar returns in cities of the United States having a population greater than Toronto, such, for instance, as Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Louisville, etc. In fact there are only ten cities in America whose bank clearings exceed those of our own city.

There is quite a wide difference in the return or yield of stocks as investments. In about a score of issues more or less traded in locally, Sault Ste. Marie common gives the smallest yield, the return on the investment at the present price being only 2.66 per cent, as compared with 4.09 per cent. a year ago. This means that the stock at present is much higher than it was twelve months ago, for the dividend remains unchanged. C. P. R. does not return as much as it did a year ago for the same reason. The return now is 3.79 as against 3.97. Canadian General Electric returns 7.09 per cent, at present prices against 6.71 a year ago. This stock is classed as an industrial property, and although at present in good shape, it has had a very speculative career. Toronto Electric seems to be more stable; it returns 4.60 per cent, as against 4.48 a year ago. Both of the Mackays make good returns; the preferred is about 2 points lower than a year ago, and yields 5.03 per cent, as against 5.47 twelve months ago, while the common stock yields 5.63 as against 5 per cent. a year ago. The price of the common a year ago was 40, but the dividend has been doubled since. Twin City yields 4.58 as against 4.35 per cent.; Toronto Railway, 5.08 as against 4.71; São Paulo, 5.83 per cent, the same as a year ago. Niagara Navigation yields 6.25 as against 6.07 a year ago.

Bank of Commerce stock returns 4 per cent, as against 4.24 a year ago; Toronto, 4.20 as against 4.36; Ontario, 5.10 as against 4.61; Imperial, 4.04 as against 4.36; Dominion yields 4.44 per cent, as against 3.93 per cent. a year ago, and Standard, 4.81 as against 4.34. The increased yield in both cases being due to increased dividends. Hamilton yields 4.38 as against 4.65 per cent.

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ability of dining at
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and Traders, 5 per cent, as against 5.07 per cent. a year ago.

These deposits now aggregate \$578,876,000, or an increase of \$70,000,000 in twelve months.

Expansion.

There was a further extension in bank credits in Canada during the month of May, the increase in loans and discounts for that month being \$7,000,000. The aggregate amount almost takes one's breath away, the figures being \$636,000,000. A year ago the total was \$545,000,000, so that the increase is \$91,000,000.

Bankers take comfort from the fact that both in Ontario and in the North-West Provinces the prospect remains exceedingly bright for large yields of grain. Another favorable feature is that the railways will spend about a hundred millions of dollars this year in new lines and extensions, and the money is provided for. Between 5,000 and 6,000 miles of track

is under construction and prospective construction in the North-West, and the money is being paid out on the general public will be benefited.

While loans and discounts increased

\$7,000,000 in May, the deposits of Canadian banks increased hardly \$5,000,000. These deposits now aggregate \$578,876,000, or an increase of \$70,000,000 in twelve months.

Only Part Way Gone.
There is a young Frenchman in the sophomore class at Harvard, sent thither by his father at the earnest desire of his wife, an American woman by birth.

The Frenchman was once invited to a musical entertainment given by his classmates, where there were sung, in honor of the foreigner, a number of French songs, rendered in the best American French.

"I say, old man," observed one of the sophomores, after the entertainment, "I suppose those French songs made you feel a little homesick, eh?"

"No," responded the Frenchman, "only sick." —"Success."

Consistency.

"I know one or two men," said Uncle Eben, "dat prays to be made upright and honest, dat 'ud lose money in deir business if deir prayers was to come true." —Washington "Star."

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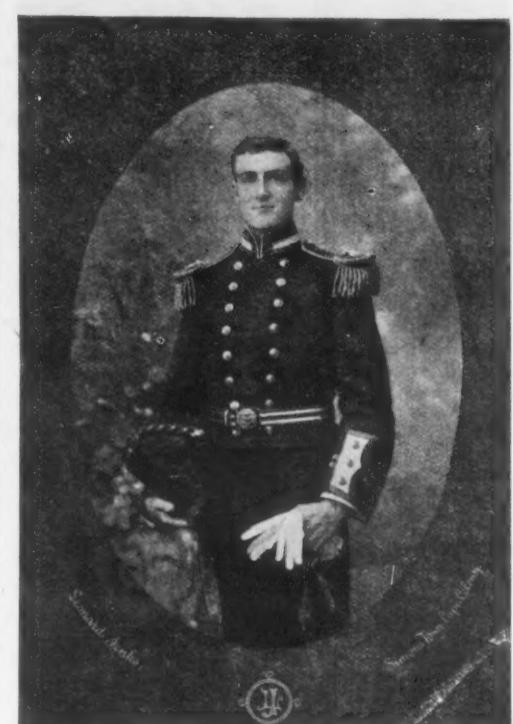
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YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING.

XIII.



LIEUTENANT SHERWOOD HODGINS, R.N.,
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Social and Personal

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn returned from Kingston last Saturday. Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick, who has been working hard, and has done very well at R. M. C., has gone down the river for a holiday rest, before coming to Toronto. He is, I believe, to get a commission in the Imperial army, and join the already honorable roll of young Canadians serving the King.

Miss Quinlan, who has been so valuable a housekeeper at the Lambton Golf Club, has been obliged to give up her position on account of leaving for England at the end of the month for an indefinite stay abroad. Miss Gladys Dixon will accompany her aunt, and the two will probably visit the Continent as well as England. Miss Quinlan and Miss Dixon will be in town until they sail, the former will be greatly missed by all her friends at the Club who have so much appreciated her clever and able management.

Sir William and Lady Mulock are going to their country place to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Mulock spent some days out of town over the holiday, and returned the end of this week.

Mrs. John L. Brodie, her son and daughter, who have been abroad for a considerable time, have returned home. They have thoroughly enjoyed their visit on the Continent and in Scotland.

On Tuesday afternoon, June 25, at four o'clock, St. Albans' Cathedral was the scene of a very beautiful service, when Miss Barbara Matthews, daughter of Mr. Marmaduke Matthews, R.C.A., and Mr. Ralph Edward Pack, were united in holy matrimony by the Right Rev. Bishop of Toronto, assisted by Canon Macnab. The service, of an especially beautiful and dignified character was opened by the hymn *The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden*, during which the bridal party entered the church. The bride, who is one of Toronto's most lovely and lovable girls, was exquisitely attired in a gown of Limerick lace, fashioned with chiffon-edged bolero and deep flounce over ivy *peau de soie*, with tulle veil and coronet of roses. Her only ornament was a very beautiful necklace of gold, embroidered with pearl flowers, and pearl pendant, the gift of Mr. Pack. The lovely *tout ensemble* was completed by a bouquet of roses, lily of the valley and maiden hair fern with bows of wide Liberty satin, and festoons of bebe ribbon. Miss Alice Matthews, sister of the bride, as maid of honor, Miss Violet Roberts, and Miss Edith Sweatman made a trio charmingly gowned in white silk organdie, with yokes, sleeve-garniture, and Directoire girdles of Irish crochet. White chip hats, with ruchings and bandeau of tulle, and ostrich tips had ornaments of pink ribbon and rosebuds, the latter being duplicated in the bouquets, which were of pink roses and maiden hair fern. They wore dainty gold chains, with pearl-set lockets, the gifts of the groom, who also presented his brother and best man, Mr. Cuthbert Pack of Guelph, with a handsome scarf pin, while the ushers, Mr. Lionel Brayley and Mr. Percy Roger, received suitable souvenirs from the bride. A reception was held after the ceremony by Mr. and Mrs. Matthews at "Wychwood Park," their home on the hill, Davenport road, lovely in its setting of green lawns and shrubbery. An orchestra on the verandah provided music which was enjoyed both by the guests on the lawn and those gathered in the drawing-room, which was effectively decorated with crimson roses. Mrs. Matthews received her guests attired in grey column over taffeta with lace bertha, and toque of grey outlined with pink French rosebuds, and was assisted in receiving by the married daughter of the house, Mrs. Ambrose Goodman of Cayuga, who was becomingly gowned in pale blue chiffon over taffeta, hand-painted in clusters of small crimson roses, and who was everywhere escorted by the most gallant of small sons. Mr. and Mrs. Pack left at six o'clock for a tour in the Eastern Provinces, the bride wearing a suit of navy blue cloth with Eton jacket braided in black, with a blouse of frilled lace over palest pink taffeta, and smart hat with pale blue wings. On their return they will reside, for the summer months, at the Sea House, Howland avenue. A most comprehensive collection of presents testified to the popularity of the young couple, a large number of relatives and intimate friends showering them with good wishes and confetti on their departure. A few of those present were Mrs. Pack of London, England, mother of the groom, handsomely dressed in blue silk, with lace scarf, and dainty lace bonnet; Mrs. Mulholland (*nee* Pack) in white, with picture hat, and boa of mauve ostrich feathers; Mrs. Bernard, Collingwood; Mr. Bernard and the Misses Bernard, Niagara; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pack, Mr. Ernest Matthews, Miss Ethel Matthews, Mr. Ambrose Goodman,

Cayuga; Master Harold Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. McCollum, Miss McCollum, the Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Miss Gladys Sweatman, Canon and Mrs. Macnab, Mr. Archbold, Mrs. Edward Porter, Miss Edith Porter, the Misses Paget, Miss Hime, Mrs. Burnside, Miss Nora Burnside, Miss Chadwick, Dr. Carter, the Misses Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Young, the Misses Snyder, Mrs. Arthur Harris, Miss Naomi Harris, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Greene, Mr. Columbus Greene, Mr. Forster, R.C.A.; Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Sayers, Dr. and Mrs. Fotheringham, Mrs. Edmond Roberts, the Misses Roberts, Miss Cooper-Chadwick, Miss Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. McCollum, Miss Dorothy McCollum, Miss Esten, Mrs. DeVere Hunt, Miss Weatherly, Mr. and Mrs. Carrick, Miss Carrick, the Misses MacNamara, Mr. Charlie Sweatman, Mrs. King, Miss King, Dr. and Mrs. Anger, Mr. and Mrs. George Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Miss Playter, Mrs. A. U. DuPencier and others.

Mrs. Scott Griffin came down from Winnipeg for Miss Williams' marriage last Saturday, and everyone was glad to see her looking so well. Her clever little son Gilbert was also at the wedding festivities, and has grown up finely since his first visit.

Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss left town on Wednesday for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Sheridan are on a motor tour. They have gone, via Buffalo and Syracuse, to Saratoga, and are returning to Toronto via Montreal.

An interested and well-pleased party of smart people invaded the pretty flat at 103 Yonge street, known as the Tea Pot Inn, last Saturday, at the tea hour, on the invitation of Mrs. Foote and her staff. There is a front tea-room, delightfully cosy and quaintly furnished; a back tea-room where men patrons may smoke after luncheon or tea, the neatest and airiest of kitchens, and the most reasonable of tariffs for lots of nice dainties. One may even read *The Jungle* and enjoy luncheon, for the menu sets forth discreetly that the potted meat is "home-made." During the summer, the Tea Pot Inn should be a favorite resort, and by the real afternoon-tea time of year have its steady patronage firmly secured.

Of all the transformations which have been worked in Toronto's family homesteads, none has been more complete than that in course of completion at Lawton Park, formerly the Fisk home and recently purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Palmer. The pretty lodge, the wide balcony (it's far too large to call it a verandah) where a score of people might group themselves and have room for more, the great square living-room which holds a billiard-table as nonchalantly as most rooms do a card-table, so spacious are its bounds, the succession of other rooms above and below, each with its own charm, and the whole set in a domain of fascinatingly clipped trees, hedges, winding drives and shaded paths—such is the new Lawton Park, on its way to completion before next season opens.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barker are settled at Glencairn, Hanlan's Point, for the summer.

The first of the summer series of dances took place on Tuesday evening in the R. C. Y. Club House, and was very successful. These dances are for the members and their friends only, and are always the leading attraction of the Island season.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Small are settled at Jackson's Point for the summer.

The Niagara Golf and Tennis Club, adjoining the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, opened their season on Saturday, June 23, with an open handicap for men against an unknown bogie, and a putting contest for ladies. The prizes for the men's division were given by the Queen's Royal; those for the ladies by Mrs. Peyton Clark. There were a large number of entries for both events. When the sealed envelope containing the bogie score was opened, Mr. Peyton Clark was found to be the nearest, with Mr. Murphy second. Mrs. Thompson won the putting contest for ladies after tying in the final with Miss Garrett. Playing one more hole, Mrs. Thompson won, leaving second prize to Miss Garrett. After the contests tea was served on the verandah of the pretty, up-to-date club house. A string band played during the afternoon, hidden inside the club house, making it very pleasant for the many spectators sitting under the trees. The weather at Niagara still continues delightfully fine, with a pleasant cool breeze from the lake. The water abounds with fine bass, perch, and whitefish. Many enthusiastic anglers are spending their time on the lake. Mr. Peyton Clark was out fishing for a few hours on Wednesday morning. His catch numbered over three dozen, many of which weighed over 1 1-2 lbs, and two splendid bass turned the scale at over 2 lbs.

A tennis tournament between Toronto and Buffalo was played on the tennis courts of the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, on Wednesday, July 4. Several prominent players from Toronto were present, Mr. H. Kirkover of Buffalo is staying at the Queen's Royal for the greater part of the summer and represented Buffalo in the contest. On Wednesday, July 4, a dance was given in the Casino of the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, under the auspices of the officers of Fort Niagara across the river.

I see by the papers that Miss Rhona Adair, who has many friends and admirers hereabouts, is engaged to be married to a military man rejoicing in the Dickensian name of Captain Cuttle. May the dear Irish girl be happy, whatever name she bears, is the sentiment of her Toronto friends.

A veritable bolt from the blue struck society on Sunday, July 1, when the telephone sent broadcast the appalling news of the death of three men, each well known and having given hostages to fortune in this fair city. Three widows, three families left fatherless, three men snatched from busy and useful lives in the twinkling of an eye—the various groups who gather of a Sunday afternoon for tea, or later for supper, could speak of nothing else than their lost friends and their mourning relatives. Mingled with regret for the dead and sympathy for the living was in some homes profound thanksgiving, for several other Toronto men were fellow shipmates with the three who left the ship at Plymouth for the fatal train journey. Mr. Hellmuth, who went over on legal business; Mr. Ernest Cattanach, who accompanied him, and Mr. Casey Wood, who was enjoying his first trip abroad, soon reassured their relatives here, and all are most relieved and grateful for assurance of their safety.

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THE ARGONAUT HENLEY CREW.

The Argonauts, after defeating First Trinity and Thames, were beaten by Trinity Hall by less than half a length in the semi-final for the Grand Challenge Cup. The final was won by the Belgian crew, who beat Trinity Hall by three lengths. The members of the crew, from left to right, are: T. Loudon (coxswain), Joe Wright, D. Mackenzie, P. Boyd, A. Fellowes, Grubbe, J. Walsh, J. Mackenzie, P. Kent. They average 183 pounds in weight and 6.1 inches in height.

The Canadian Golf Tournament By C. C. JAMES

THE Ottawa Golf and Country Club has been the Mecca of Canadian golfers during the past week. The club-house and links are situated on the Aylmer road, about four miles above the city. You can take an electric car every half hour or twenty minutes, and, after crossing the river, be set down at the entrance to the club. A well-built, in fact, elegant club-house stands on the knoll. From the verandah you can look off over the course in one direction, watching the pairs start from the first tee, full of hope and expectation, or coming home with stories of remarkable plays and the most extraordinary hard luck; in the other direction you can see through the trees the rapids of the historic Ottawa. It is a beautiful spot, rolling and varied—an ideal site for a golf course. Four years ago it was a tangle of swamp and thicket; today it would be one of the best two or three courses in Canada if only the winter had been kind. But, alas! the exceptional conditions of the past winter selected this spot for the playing of tricks and the doing of mischief. The greens were all destroyed and the green committee were compelled to resod nearly every putting green on the course. The result has been that the play has been marred by high records, and, instead of bogie 82, the rounds have been 90 and over. Golfers will understand what it all means when we say that ninety-seven was the limit to qualify for the championship, and anything under 90 has been the subject for question and explanation.

This tournament brings together a large crowd of as enthusiastic sportsmen as are to be found anywhere in Canada. Ottawa, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and Hamilton all have semi players. The largest representation from outside came from Lambton—no less than twelve having come to try their skill and have an ideal holiday.

The old inter-Provincial match was revived this year, ten men under Captain Lyon playing for Ontario and ten under Captain McDougall for Quebec. The match came off on Saturday. Nine men were in, and the score stood 4 to 4, with one tie. The tenth couple came in on the long hole of 540 yards—a drive, a brassie, and a full iron shot to the green. Both were on. A put would decide the match. Harry Martin of Lambton holed his put, and the match was thus won by Ontario by the narrowest margin possible. This was the great event of Saturday last, though, of course, every golfer knows that the event was not closed with that put. There must needs be explanations and other things.

Monday was the free-for-all, the grand handicap, when sixty odd players, each with a handicap that he verily thinks should be just a little more generous, starts out to make a record for himself. It is the event in which the little golfer, with the big handicap, swells around with as much importance as the big golfer with the scratch mark or a few plus strokes. This is the day when, thanks to the handicap committee, all men are free and equal. Sometimes the man with the big handicap pulls off the prize, but not so this year. A scratch man, with 178 for the two rounds, came in first, while a man with plus ten tied with some others for second. These two men are to be reckoned with in Canadian golfing. They are Mr. J.

Morgan of the Victoria Club, Montreal, and Mr. T. B. Reith of the Beaconsfield Club, Montreal. They are newcomers to Canada, who learned their game in Scotland, and who have been spoken of by their fellow club members as men to be reckoned with. They are certainly fine golfers, playing the long game and the short game with fine style and accuracy. The Eastern men have backed them as winners of the championship. Tonight only one is left, for, after a keen contest, Mr. Morgan has put out Mr. Reith. Mr. Lyon was matched against Mr. Reith in the Saturday match, and before a big gallery turned what to some seemed sure defeat into a victory of two holes up. Reith is a fine player, who plays well and loses well, and is a fine type for young players to copy.

And what about the other sixty odd in the handicaps? Some seasons players turned in their scores with long faces and multiplied explanations as to bad lies and tricky greens and ill luck and the many other explanations that are so common. The list has been printed in the papers, with the exception of a considerable number that were apparently unfit for publication. But they had a good time, for the weather was ideal. At the same time, the club team matches were played off, each club being entitled to enter four men. Lambton came first with 732, Ottawa second with 767, Royal Montreal third with 774, Toronto fourth with 778, and Outremont fifth with 807.

It was a matter of regret that, with the close of the handicap on Monday, so many of the Montreal and Toronto players were compelled to leave. As a consequence, when the qualifying round for the championship came off, on Tuesday morning, some of the clubs had not the representation that they should have had. Thus the Toronto Club had only Douglas Laird and Mr. Rowbotham, and the Royal Montreal was entirely unrepresented. The Lambton round stayed on, and the sixteen places in the competition. And who is to win the championship? This question will be answered before this is printed. Reith has gone down before Morgan. David Dick, who turned in a phenomenal 82 in the qualifying round, has given way to Fritz Martin of Hamilton. Douglas Laird of the Toronto Club is always to be reckoned with. George S. Lyon the redoubtable, having turned down one club-mate with a round of 84, will next try his chances with another, the promising young golfer, A. E. Austin. Then there is Harry Martin of Lambton, who fights his matches to the last hole. To-night they are discussing the relative chances of all these men, as they sit on the verandah of the club-house, and the full moonlight casts a charming glow over the hills and lowland, where the battle of the clubs and balls will be renewed in the morning. The Ottawa Club officers have done wonders considering the great disadvantages under which they labored this year. Many have thought it would have been better to have switched the meet to Lambton this year, and to have it in Ottawa next year. But here it is, and everyone is full of praise for the work of the honorary secretary, Mr. J. A. Jackson. And the hospitality of President Perley must not be forgotten.

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The English Porter.

Panting and blowing after his arduous duties of seeing the old gentleman's luggage safely stored in the van, the porter eagerly awaited his tip.

"Here you are, my man," said the old gentleman, diving among the silver and gold held in his hand, and tendering the porter a solitary half-penny.

Not a muscle of the porter's face relaxed as he pocketed the munificent tip, and produced a threepenny-piece, which he proffered to the passenger in the "grand manner."

"In return for your memento of this—aw—mutually happy meeting, sir," he said, with a cough that ought to have made his fortune on the stage, "allow me to present you with this slight souvenir, which, small though be its value, may yet suffice to recall me to your remembrance whenever you look at it in after life!"—Answers."

A San Francisco Parrot.

We were almost in the van of the retreating host. As we reached the summit of the hills we passed through the thousands of watchers, who calmly observed their mighty enemy writhing toward them. Before morning all of these thousands had joined our westward march. But in the mid-afternoon we did not lack for com-

pany. Delicate women bore rolls of bedding along the way. Family groups laden with blankets, provisions, canned goods in soap boxes, clocks, mirrors, paintings, all manner of possessions, went by. One tot of six trudged along with a big package of breakfast food in his chubby arms. I saw one young woman carrying a glass globe half full of water in which her precious goldfish were darting about. A stepladder lashed to a pair of baby carriage wheels made a long truck on which a brawny young man had loaded a dozen suit cases or more. Canary cages, coal sacks and every conceivable burden were borne along on the backs of men, women and children. High on a great load of trunks piled in an automobile, screaming out his disgust and voicing the merry sentiments of the crowd around him, a parrot squawked above the din, "This is a h—l of a fix!" This is a h—l of a fix!" "World To-day."

Oh, Alfred!

"Do you think I look well in this dress?" she asked.

"Um," her husband replied, "who made it?"

"I did, but I'm afraid—"

"My dear, I never saw you have on a more becoming gown than that one is. By Jove! you look so slim and graceful and young that I can hardly realize we've been married seven years."

"Oh, Alfred, do you really mean that? I believe I'll make all my clothes after this."

As soon as he could decently get away Alfred went out and treated himself to several of the best cigars he could find.—Chicago "Record-Herald."

Forgot His Errand.

Kimball Carrow was the champion absent-minded man of the town of Bedford, Mass., for a matter of fifty years. On one occasion, says the Boston "Herald," he called on his old friend, Dr. B. E. Sawyer, and after a couple of hours' chat over old times the doctor saw him to the door and bade him good night, saying "Come again. Family all well, I suppose?"

"My heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Carrow, "that reminds me of my errand; my wife is in a fit!"—"

"Why do you look so pleased over the mere making out of a list of those you are going to invite to your reception?"

"You're mistaken. This is a list of those I'm not going to invite!"

"This watch will last you for a lifetime," remarked the jeweller.

"Nonsense!" retorted the customer.

"Can't I see for myself now that its hours are numbered?"—"

Where He Was.

McFangle: Blowhard must have been a brave soldier, to judge from his own words. He says that in every battle he was where the bullets were thickest.

McFangle: So he was. He drove an ammunition wagon.—"Tit-Bits."

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J. SUMMERFIELD, Manager.

Looking north from Tower of Hotel.

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TIMISKIMING LAKE

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Is a modern House on shore of the Lake, offering first-class accommodation to guests. Gasoline Launches, Boating, Lawn Tennis, Golfing, Excursions, Bowling, Billiards, Ball-room, etc., in separate Recreation Hall, ensuring quietness in House proper. Sanitary conveniences modern. Hot and cold baths on all floors. Ice-cold Laurentian water piped from spring in the hills. Electrically lighted throughout. For information and booklet, write

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Timiskaming, Que.

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Bathing, Boating, Tennis, Lawn Bowling.

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E. A. CHOWN, Sec-Treas.

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REAR-ADMIRAL SIR DOMINIC DENBY, K.C.B., was a most gallant and polite old gentleman. Like most of his profession he had an eye for a pretty face and a well-turned ankle, and in spite of his years he was still susceptible to their fascinations. He was, moreover, socially inclined, entertained hospitably, and the officers of his squadron ably seconded his efforts.

When the fleet had been in Sydney Harbor a fortnight or so he issued cards for an afternoon At Home aboard his flagship. Mrs. De Courcy Fenning and Miss Ethelwyn Fenning were among the invited.

Sir Dominic had met the younger lady half a dozen times before, and on each occasion he had become more and more enamored of her beauty and accomplishments.

On the evening of the day upon which the invitation arrived she attended the Beetons' cinderella. A number of the naval men were present, and among them was a certain Sub-lieutenant George Hoskyns. He was a nice enough young fellow, very pink and clean-looking, and irreproachably upholstered. However impossible the thing may seem, it was a case of love at first sight. They danced and sat out four numbers together, and, because it was the one thing they should have avoided, laid the foundation of a very strong attachment. Her friends noticed this behavior and told her mother, who next day carpeted her daughter soundly.

To quote the press, the "Blunderbuss" At Home was a brilliant success. The harbor looked its loveliest, and the arrangements were beyond reproach. Steam launches conveyed the guests between the warship and the shore. The flagship herself was decorated with true nautical taste, and the bright uniforms and varied colors of the ladies' dresses lent an additional lustre to the picture. The fleet band played on the quarter-deck, and a camera obscura was arranged on the bridge. The latter is important.

Mrs. and Miss De Courcy Fenning were among the first to arrive, and the Rear-Admiral colored like a schoolboy as he stepped forward to receive them. The young lady's toilet had been made with exquisite care, and everyone thought it suited her charmingly. Sir Dominic Denby thought so too.

By the exercise of considerable diplomacy he managed to keep her continually by his side, and allowed it to be seen that he paid her open and unmistakable attention. The mother could hardly conceal her delight, but it was evident to us that the daughter was not so pleased.

Sub-lieutenant Hoskyns watched them from distance, and in consequence his conversation with pretty Miss Fetterby was disjointed and fragmentary in the extreme. He was being afforded a practical illustration of a naval situation which would prove of value to him in his after-career.

When the vice-regal launch was signalled, the guard of honor formed, and the Rear-Admiral had advanced to the gangway to receive the Governor, Hoskyns edged up alongside Miss Ethelwyn, and said something in a low voice. There he made a mistake, for she withered him with a glance, and they spoke no more throughout the afternoon.

The officers of the "Blunderbuss" are proverbially good hosts, and amusements followed thick and fast upon each other. When the Government House party left the ship the Admiral felt at liberty to devote his attention exclusively to Miss Fenning, and he himself escorted her over the vessel. They wound up with the camera obscura tent, where they found themselves alone. Being a woman, her instinct told her what was coming.

For a space they talked the ordinary trivialities. Then while she was examining the picture of the harbor and its shipping, as delineated on the calico disc, Sir Dominic, assuming his most pompous manner, revealed the state of his affections, hummed and hawed over his declaration of the passion that was consuming him, and finally wound up by entreating her to so far honor him as to become my Lady Denby, etc.

It would be hard for an admiral to hit upon a better place to plead his cause than the bridge of his own flagship. And Miss Ethelwyn, remembering certain advice given her beforehand, turned deadly white and faltered an assent. He was delighted beyond measure. I caught his eye as they left the tent, and I saw that though his hair was gray and his back bent, he was in reality only twenty-three. Mrs. Fenning was devoutly and ostentatiously thankful when she heard the news.

Everybody said (Sub-lieutenant

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

ing like two possessed. It was glorious!

When the music ceased the Admiral crossed the floor and in defiance of ball-room etiquette took Miss Fenning from her partner's arm. Then they passed through the drawing-room into one of the smuggeries together.

For some minutes she was too exhausted to speak, and her future husband watched her with an anxious face. Recovering as the orchestra commenced the lancers, she made as if to rise, but he signed her back to her seat.

"Ethelwyn," he said softly, "I can see there is something very wrong. What is it, my dear—can you tell me?"

She did not answer, and an expression of almost terror swept across her face.

He leaned towards her and took her hand.

"Am I not worthy of your trust, Ethelwyn?"

In reply, and before he could prevent her, the poor child had fallen on her knees before him, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Oh, yes, yes," she moaned, "too worthy, far too worthy!"

He took a seat on the sofa beside her and gently drew her towards him. Then bit by bit, with infinite tact, he coaxed her into telling him everything, and in the telling she stabbed remorselessly at the heart that loved her best.

He heard her out, striving to conceal the pain of the bitter blow she was dealing him. When she had finished, he said simply—

"Child, I am glad you had the courage to tell me this. It is all my fault. I should have known that it would be impossible for you to love an old man like me. I will show you how much I love you by considering your happiness before my own—if you will leave it to me? I will do my best for you."

Next day he called upon Mrs. De Courcy Fenning. When the interview was over he had won her consent to the transference of her daughter's engagement to Sub-lieutenant George Hoskyns, vice Rear-Admiral Sir Dominic Denby, K.C.B., resigned.

On his return to the flagship he sent for his rival. When they were alone together he commenced abruptly—

"Mr. Hoskyns, Miss Ethelwyn Fenning has told me of your mutual attachment. I presume you are certain as to the stability of your affection?"

"Really, Sir Dominic?"

"No procrastination, sir!" the Admiral thundered. "Are you certain?"

"Quite certain, sir."

"Then understand that I have arranged the matter with the young lady's mother, who sanctions your engagement. Your career, provided you behave yourself, will be my particular care. But markee this! If ever you give Miss Fenning cause to regret her action, by God, sir, I'll keel-haul you through the fleet! Now go!"

The sentry, who had overheard the foregoing, affirms that after the Sub-lieutenant had passed out, a sound very like that of a man crying came from the state-room of Rear Admiral Sir Dominic Denby, K.C.B.

Not a Great Loss.

This story of the absent-mindedness of a professor of Phillips' Exeter Academy is told by Booth Tarkington, the novelist, who was a graduate of that institution.

"This man's wife hastened in to him one morning as he sat in his study marking exercises.

"'Oh,' she cried, 'oh, I've swallowed a pin!'

"Don't worry about it, my dear," he said, in a soothing tone. "It is of no consequence. Here—be fuddled at his lap—here is another pin."

CLEVER DOCTOR

Cured a 20 Years' Trouble Without any Medicine.

A wise Indiana physician cured 20 years' stomach disease without any medicine as his patient tells:

"I had stomach trouble for 20 years, tried allopathic medicines, patent medicines and all the simple remedies suggested by my friends, but grew worse all the time."

"I cried out in alarm, 'Quit drinking coffee!' why, 'What will I drink?'"

"Try Postum," said the doctor. "I drink it and you will like it when it is made according to directions, with cream, for it is delicious and has none of the bad effects coffee has."

"Well that was two years ago, and I am still drinking Postum. My stomach is right again, and I know Doctor hit the nail on the head when he decided coffee was the cause of all my trouble. I only wish I had quit it years ago and drunk Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Never too late to mend. Ten days trial of Postum in place of coffee works wonders. There's a reason.

Look in packages for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville,"

CONCERNING SPOONERISMS

BY "RAMBLER"

Concerning Spoonerisms.

By "Rambler."

T has always been the plaint or the boast of philologists that our language in its development follows certain bide-hound rules of evolution; that all our expression of thought is cabined, ribbed, confined by some grim law. No human being has, during the history of the race, dared to break through the traditions of language. Certain sounds were conventionally considered to express certain phases of thought, and men followed slavishly in the wake of these conventions. All the beautiful variations of which the human tongue is capable, and all picturesqueness of which our mother-tongue offers endless possibilities, were lost in the dark ages that lie behind us. It has remained for one man to strike out an original line of expression, to burst through the trammels which have confined us since the Bower of Tabel was left an unfinished protest against the tyranny of linguistic uniformity, and this our liberator—need we say it—is none other than the Rev. Spilliam Wooster, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. Like the majority of great men who have left their footprints on the sands of time, the real influence of Mr. Spooner's genius on our language is not felt by this generation.

It may interest the true disciple of the great man to chronicle the first faint signs of the approaching metamorphosis of our language—the first leaving of the heaven which is to leave the whole plum. Of the early years of this benefactor of man little is known beyond the fact that his curse used often to put him to sleep in a little knot—a fitting beginning for one who was destined to make such a picturesque tangle of our language. He first attracted public attention by a famous variation on a popular hymn, "Kinqueering congs their tates like." Indeed it is not too much to say that the genius of Mr. Spooner will lend new lustre to the works of all our English poets. Surely his reading of "The Death and Burial of Sir John Moore"—

"Not a sound was heard, not a funeral note,

As his horse on the ramparts we curried"—

leads the imagination into newer and wider fields than those ever dreamt of by the poet. But it is not alone as an improver and dresser of other men's ideas that Mr. Spooner stands pre-eminent. His own originality is undoubted. The hand-horned tons of soil who, when addressed by the great orator, were asked if they "never felt some value yearning for a higher life, some half-warmed fish rising in their hearts," must have had cause for serious thought. Possibly they may have deemed it easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for them to sound the profundity of their mentor's meaning. His host, who met him at the railway station, was rather astonished when he explained that he had only brought "two bugs and a rag"; he thought for the moment that the luggage was a trifle inadequate to the conventional needs of police society, but his surprise was surpassed when his guest, speaking of his struggles with his portmanteau, asked if he could be obliged with a "strong lap."

Bully Times.

These be happy moments,
These be golden hours,
When the summer solstice
Lazies all our powers,
And everybody's careless,
Laggard on his feet,
Since nobody wants to
Make both ends meet.

—W. J. Lupton.

Slivers and the Art of Clowning.

When Slivers was the chief clown in the circus he used to complain that it was impossible in a huge arena, and in competition with all that was going on in the three rings, to produce the finest artistic effects in clowning; and even in the New York Hippodrome, where he is now employed, he complains of the size of the amphitheater and the distances between himself and the audience. Those who were inclined to smile at him might have had food for reflection if they had seen him at a recent San Francisco benefit in the little Berkeley Lyceum, says the "Post."

He appeared as a baseball catcher, with only his white face and gigantic shoes to proclaim the clown. His act came on after midnight, when there was only a handful of spectators left, but before he had said a word his make-up provoked a general smile. When he caught the first ball, with a slap on his mammoth glove, there was a laugh, which was repeated with almost every movement. He followed a foul fly and gobbed it with a smirk. He quarreled in pantomime rage with an imaginary umpire, and consulted with an imaginary pitcher

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CEYLON TEA

NO OTHER SO GOOD

Lead packets only. 60c, 50c, 40c, 30c, and 25c per lb. at all grocers.

Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

Casement Calisthenics

I OFTEN wondered why my great-aunt Eliza had such a beautiful figure, and one day when I had been admiring the elegance and symmetry of her frame, I put the question to the dear old lady herself.

"Perhaps, my dear," she said, "you never do anything to develop your muscles." As a matter of fact, I had done nothing else for the last six months, and I was describing the modern treatment for flat feet, salt-cells, and double-chins, and how we spent our days in deep breathing, chair-vaulting, and height-increasing, and our nights in face-masks, when she cut me short by saying—

"But do you mean to tell me, my love, they have never taught you casement calisthenics? It was the only form of beauty culture in my young days. Come to my room before breakfast to-morrow, and I'll show you what to do."

Needless to say, I kept the appointment with feverish punctuality, and found the dear old thing dressed and ready for me.

"The exercise I am going to teach you," she said, "not only accomplishes waist-reduction and chest-expansion, but also mancuring and palm-polish," and she placed two pads of prepared doeskin in my hands. "You must face a large flat surface, such as a wall or door, but a easement is preferable, as it allows fresh air to play freely over the limbs and muscles. Now face the window—throw the arms above the head and make vigorous passes with each hand, pressing them with sufficient force on the pane to develop the muscles of the chest and neck. Now kneel and repeat the exercise in that position." Putting my heart into my work, I did my best to please her, but she seemed dissatisfied. "No, no, that will never do," she said. "We must evidently have more air. You ought to conclude the exercise in the garden; but as the window-sill is broad and only a foot from the ground, you may get outside and repeat the process from there, facing the interior of the room." I hastened to obey her, and followed her directions with enthusiasm.

On One Point.

"Do you and your wife agree on anything?"

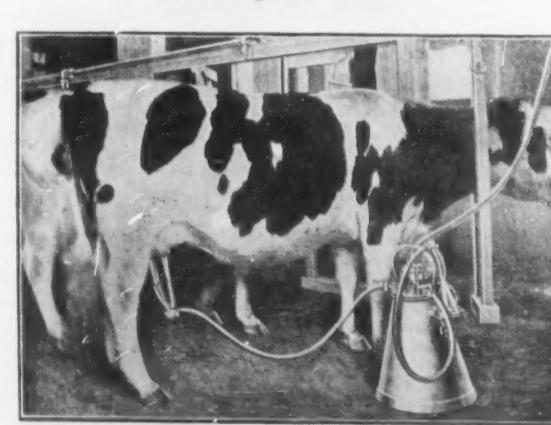
"Yes. Each of us believes that one of us is very poorly mated."—Judge."

The Real Test.

"Tain't gittin' into politics," said Uncle Eben, "dat shows a man's smartness, as much as the way he git out."—Washington "Star."



Attaching the "Milker."



The "Milker" in Operation.
COW "MILKERS" ON PRICE'S DAIRY FARM, ERINDALE, ONT.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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"Saturday Night" at Summer Resorts

Readers and subscribers of *Saturday Night* leaving Toronto for the summer months may have their favorite weekly paper mailed direct from the office of publication to their summer home for any period. Our special offer is 25 cents for six weeks. Orders for new subscriptions and change of address should be sent to the *Saturday Night Office*, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Points About People.

Sir Aemilius Irving, K.C., who received his knighthood in the recent distribution of the King's Birthday honors, is familiarly known as the Dean of the Ontario Bar. He is of the patriarchal age of eighty-three, but, like several other Toronto octogenarians, notably Mr. Goldwin Smith, possesses remarkable bodily vigor for his years. He was born in Leamington, England, and was called to the Bar of Upper Canada in 1849. He was created a Queen's Counsel by Lord Monck in 1863, and has been a Bencher of the Law Society since 1874. Sir Aemilius has had experience of Parliaments as well as of law courts. From 1874 to 1878 he sat for Hamilton on the Liberal side of the Dominion House. His father, the Hon. Jacob Aemilius Irving, was connected by ties of friendship and political faith with Baldwin and Lafontaine, so that it is not surprising that he took his stand with the Reform party. The new knight has had a very honorable legal career. He has served on many Royal Commissions, has won a great reputation for his wide legal knowledge on the knotty questions of Provincial rights, and has rendered valuable public services in disputes between Ontario and the Dominion. As a practitioner he is renowned for the soundness of his opinions and his vigorous style in presenting his cases. The title which he has received is but a just recognition of eminent services, and though he has reached a time of life when his career lies behind him, there is every reason to expect that he will wear his new honors for years to come.

* * *

Toronto theatergoers never weary of hearing stories of Miss Margaret Anglin, the charming Canadian actress whom we consider peculiarly our own.

Here is one, told of her by a writer in *Success*, which illustrates her remarkable resourcefulness. There are, of course, few evidences of cleverness in an actor as great as the ability to "pull together" a scene which something has happened to throw into disorder. Margaret Anglin once found herself chatting in her dressing-room with Sandol Milliken when it was long after time for her to go on the stage, and almost time for Miss Milliken. Instead of losing her head, she caught her friend by the arm and went on the stage with her, where she found the abandoned actors dragging out the scene with repetitions and interpolated "business." In an entirely natural manner, Miss Anglin related to Miss Milliken the substance of what had been omitted, and when she had thus got the audience *au courant*, she gave the proper cue, and the performance went on as usual. Few of those in front realized that there was anything really wrong, and those who did attributed it to the awkwardness of the poor actors who had been obliged to wait.

* * *

John Mulloy, a very interesting character, who was in the employ of the Law Society at Osgoode Hall as steward from 1840 until 1876, two years before his death, was a wit and philosopher. He wore a gown when on

duty and was the Secretary's right hand man. One day a student, whose father was a Justice of the Peace, in making his application, filled the printed form with "son of A. B., Esquire," and on presenting this to Mr. Gwynne, the Secretary, was asked what Esquire meant. The student replied, "A magistrate, sir." Mr. Gwynne, not quite satisfied with this explanation, called out, "Mulloy! What is an Esquire?" "I think," replied that worthy, "that an Esquire is a gentleman with at least five hundred a year and nothing to do but spend it."

* * *

Another story of Mr. Mulloy, as related by Mr. Hamilton in his reminiscences of the Hall, is to the effect that he one day applied to Judge Hagarty, afterwards Sir John, for his aid in securing an increase in salary. "More pay, is it, you ask, Mulloy?" said his distinguished fellow countryman. "I'll tell you what we'll do; when you die we'll give you a good funeral." To which Mr. Mulloy replied, "Thank you kindly, but that will not meet the case. I have already followed thirteen of your Lordships to the place from which they never come back."

* * *

Miss E. Pauline Johnson is probably the most picturesque figure among talented Canadian women. Much

of the verse that she has written has the rippling melody of that of Jean Ingelow. Her personality, however, is essentially that of an Indian princess, masterful and impulsive. Miss Johnson carries with her when on her reading tours a fine collection of Indian relics. One of these is the blanket on which the Duke of Connaught stood, when, by weird rites, he was made a Mohawk chief. The story goes that on one occasion Miss Johnson was the guest of a lady in an Ontario town in which she was giving an entertainment. She displayed her collection of costumes,

including knives and other redskin implements of warfare, and the hostess begged her to "dress up" and declaim for her private benefit. Miss Johnson did so with such effect that the good lady was terrified into fainting. Tekahionwake is Miss Johnson's tribal name. She is the daughter of Mohawk Chief Johnson, or Onawonayshon, and the granddaughter of the famous chief "Disappearing of the Indian Summer Mist," who aided the British so wisely and bravely in 1812.

* * *

Mr. Thomas Long of Toronto, one of the best-known business men in Ontario, started his career as a merchant in Collingwood. Everything that he and his brother touched turned to gold, as the saying is, and as a prominent man—the senior member of T. Long & Bro., the greatest business firm in Simcoe County—he was induced many years ago to run for Parliament in the Conservative interest. One night at a Long campaign meeting in a country schoolhouse everything was going splendidly. Enthusiasm was running high, when uprose a hardy, shrewd old Irishman—a red-hot Reformer—with a request that he might say a few words. "What kind of a man is Mr. Lang for you farmers to send to Parliament?" he sneered, pounding his stick on the floor. "Mr. Lang! Sure he doesn't know enough to ha-a-ness a harse!" This sally caused the most uproarious laughter, which broke out at intervals until the close of the meeting, and entirely changed its atmosphere.

* * *

On a recent Sunday morning in a Canadian village a local celebrity named "Drunken Dick" entered one of the churches, and toward the end of the service made some disturbance by starting one of the absurd monologues which men in a state of intoxication delight to indulge in. Some members of the congregation proposed harsh measures, but the minister—a fine young fellow with ideas of his own about handling the sinner and the outcast—went down, and by fair words induced "Drunken Dick" to accompany him to the parsonage. There he gave him dinner and a little talk on his bad habits. Not content with this he harnessed his horse and told Dick he meant to drive him home. The latter, who had sobered up, was as white in the minister's hands. "Just as you say, sir," he said humbly, "but will you please stop at Pat McMillan's and let me get a parcel I left there." Pat McMillan was Dick's favorite tavern, so the minister went in himself and got the parcel, making Dick stay in the buggy, and thus keep out of temptation. The "parcel" proved to be, not a bottle, as the minister had suspected, but a coal oil can, and when Dick had been taken to his home four miles in the country, he bade his friend goodbye with earnest thankfulness. Next day the minister was out that way and he made inquiries about Dick. The neighbors told him that they had just seen him in a lamentable condition, and the good man drove home to ponder deeply on the wiles of the wicked.

* * *

Some years ago, during an election campaign, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was in Toronto to address a meeting in Massey Hall, and during his stay in the city was the guest of a prominent citizen. A lady, who was also being entertained at the house at the same time, noticed the Premier brushing his silk hat in the hall one day just before going out. "Oh, let me call a servant, Sir Wilfrid," said she. "I thank you," retorted the Prime Minister in his courtly fashion, "but I never permit a servant to brush my hat—it is a thing I am very particular about. You see," he added smilingly, for he was aware the lady belonged to a Conservative family, "there are some clean politicians after all."

* * *

William Hendrie of Hamilton, who died last week, was a good example of a successful business man and sportsman, who would scorn to be guilty of a mean act or to take an unfair advantage of a rival. A story told of him thirty years or so since will illustrate his high sense of honor, and how his example influenced those associated with him. Toronto and Hamilton were striving to win public favor and bonuses for projected rival railroads through Wellington, Grey and Bruce. The promoters of the Toronto line lost their documents, comprising correspondence, memoranda, data, etc., which would be invaluable to their opponents, and hence the loss awakened anxiety beyond the mere inconvenience it

occurred. A few days later, however, the missing package was received by them through the express. It transpired that it had been found by Mr. Hendrie's company of Hamilton promoters, who had promptly restored it to the rightful owners. Apparently the package had not been opened. Certainly no use ever was made of any information that might have been obtained by what too many who are regarded as "honorable men" would have considered a lucky accident.

* * *

Our American cousins are justly celebrated for the perfervid style if their Fourth of July oratory. In the genuine Independence Day speech partisanship and national conceit blend in a profusion of ludicrous similes. This is splendidly illustrated by a story which was told by an American of the cultured class to a party of Canadians in a Toronto hotel on Wednesday evening. At a banquet in one of the large American cities, the toast-master arose and gave the toast, "The United States, the greatest land the sun ever shone upon, bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, bounded on the south by the vast Antarctic, bounded on the west by the still greater Pacific." Another speaker arose, dissatisfied with the meanness of this panegyric. "Here's to the United States," he cried, "lounged on the north, by the North Pole, bounded on the south by the South Pole, bounded on the east by the decadent nations of Europe, and bounded on the west by the rising civilization of Japan." A third speaker craved something more spacious yet. "Give me air!" he exclaimed. "Here's to the United States, bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, bounded on the south by the Southern Cross, bounded on the east by the procession of the equinoxes, and bounded on the west by the Day of Judgment." Many a Fourth of July oration in the regulation spread-eagle style has just such a ludicrous anti-climax.

* * *

The following story is recalled by M. A. P.: Sir Henri Elzear Taschereau received his appointment as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at the hands of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the two have been friends for a life-time. Meeting the Chief Justice one day when he was Acting-Governor-General, Sir Wilfrid began to banter him about the amount of ceremonial ("side" was the current version) that had been introduced into vice-regal functions. Sir Henri was equal to the occasion, and without a twinkle in his eye, replied to the Prime Minister, "Sir, as his Majesty's representative, I am accustomed to see my chief adviser uncovered in my presence." Then, to use a street phrase, the cigars were on Sir Wilfrid.

* * *

Famous People Who Have Brain Fag

BEFORE democratic ideas invaded the realm of medicine there were a select number of ailments from which a man might comfortably and fashionably suffer, but of late years the list has dwindled until now only one or two remain. Appendicitis belonged in the category for a while, but the best efforts of doctors could not maintain its exclusiveness; climbers and parvenus contracted it, and from them it spread like a contagion to the *hoi polloi* until now it is completely vulgarized. Outside of gout, which nature seems to have placed absolutely beyond the reach of the vulgar, brain-fag is the most pretentious of these ailments. A man may still take a conscious pride in suffering from it, for it implies the possession of a vigorous mind which its owner has overtaxed, and presupposes a concentration of the thinking powers which has just stopped short of prostration. A fagged brain, in other words, a brain that is weary with thought and thinking, is still *au fait* in certain circles of smart society. Another strong recommendation for brain-fag as a fashionable and convenient malady is its freedom from the bitter tyranny of pills and potions. The modern physician, like *Macbeth's* doctor, has no physic for the mind.

But though medical science has not yet attempted to treat this malady out of the pharmacopeia, there are many cures for it, all of them extremely pleasant and some of them so expensive as to set at rest forever all doubt as to the social standing of the ailment for which they are prescribed. An enterprising magazine of London has been interviewing prominent men and women of the British metropolis as to their pet remedies and has elicited some impressive information on the subject. The ladies, of course, in this as in other symposia, have supplied the most interesting answers.

Miss Ellen Terry believes in homeopathy, for she finds the cure for her brain-fag in the theater:

"To see a good play—well acted that it lifts one's thought from the narrow groove of one's own paltry affairs, and makes one sympathize broadly. To feel kind is to feel rested."

Madame Marchesi's remedy includes several elements, one of which will never become fashionable because it presupposes a lively imagination. Here is what the celebrated singing teacher has to say:

"There comes a moment when the brain cannot go any further, and then my favorite thought is a green meadow with peaceful cows on it, and no human being to be seen anywhere. Then, when I do not see humanity—friends or enemies—everything is a rest and recreation—knitting, reading, cutting flowers, playing with my boy. In town, in the midst of the year's work, to get a sudden change and rest for the brain I rush to the picture galleries. There, indeed, I find my real, my greatest, my favorite recreation. I worship painting and know no greater joy than to study pictures."

When a woman has the courage to confess that the mental picture of a green meadow with cows in it relieves her brain-weariness, she is entitled to a respectful hearing. Those who overcome their insomnia by conjuring a vision of sheep leaping a gate should try Madame Marchesi's remedy when their brains are fagged.

Miss Mary E. Braddon, who, it seems, sometimes gets tired of writing novels, agrees with Marchesi as to the restful effect of landscape, though she does not expressly mention cows.

"Sweet idleness amidst beautiful scenery."

These words, which sound like a quotation from one of the tender passages in *Lady Audley's Secret*, contain the secret of her long and voluminous literary career.

Lady Colin Campbell, another literary woman, is not so sure that she has a brain to be fagged.

"Admitting for the sake of argument that I have a brain," she says, "and that it proves its existence by getting tired at times, the best recreation in my opinion is basking in a bath-chair in sunshine by the sea. This is but a prosaic answer, no doubt, but it is a truthful opinion based upon experience, and any fiction that I might invent would prove that I had no brain at all."

Inquiries among the clergy elicited the information that when the Archbishop of Canterbury gets tired he forgets his episcopal dignity in a game of squash racquets, while the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple divides the time when his brain refuses to work between horseback and his motor car. Dr. Hermann Adler, rabbi of a fashionable London synagogue, is a severer figure. Squash racquets is out of the question with him, even golf is tabooed; with extreme reluctance he admits that he can appreciate an occasional cigar."

"I have at all times," says Dr. Adler, "found reading to be the most effective and delightful restorative for a tired brain, and though an omnivorous reader in German, Hebrew, Oriental and other languages, usually choose books of a theological, historical or literary character rather than those of a lighter tendency, though, occasionally, I may interpolate a novel or two."

Sir William Huggins, president of the Royal Society, thinks the most recreating rest for a tired brain is quiet chamber music. Frederic Harrison, philosopher and essayist, says his brain has never been tired; and Sir Wyke Bayliss, president of the Royal Society of British Artists, finds relief where others have found the ailment in chess:

"Turning as it does on such high faculties of imagination, analysis, synthesis, the chessboard should be found in every studio. For the artist, who never can lay the ghosts which haunt his brain—who, day and night, and night and day, is seeing what no one else can see—visions that he is striving to crystallize into beautiful and permanent shapes, who wears his life out in honest work that makes the brain sweat; for the artist, I say, some quiet, simple, easy, unfatiguing, refreshing recreation is needed, and I find this in chess."

Sir Alma-Tadema is a greater artist than Sir Wyke Bayliss, but he has nothing to say about the ghosts that haunt the sweating brain of the artist. His relief is simply "corporal exercise and sleep." For Sir Algernon West, K.C.B., the luxury of a comfortable armchair and a good novel suffices, while Arthur Bourchier, with more expensive tastes, can only find rest on a yacht in central ocean tossed. "The only perfect rest," he says, "is to be free from all letters, telephones and cables. To accomplish this I like to go sailing on the broad ocean."

A number of others might be cited who run the gamut of amusements from bridge and golf to the squash racquets which delight the Archbishop of Canterbury. Several, with the soundest of common sense, recommend sleep.

No doubt, if the same inquiry were pursued in this country, an equal divergence of opinion would be found. It is probable, however, that of the three classes most frequently attacked by the malady—the popular novelist, the society girls and the millionaire captains of industry—each has its favorite remedy. The novelist spends part of the hundreds of thousands he has reaped from his last best seller on a trip abroad and rests his brain while gathering local color for a new book. The society girl takes the rest cure—a very *distingué* form of treatment. As for the millionaire, he finds relief for his throbbing brain in the society of that much-maligned character, the musical comedy star.

The Duke of Athol is the only nobleman in Europe who is accorded the privilege of maintaining a full regiment, splendidly armed, as his personal bodyguard. The regiment is near 1,000 strong, is recruited exclusively from members of the Murray clan, of which he is the chieftain, has a battery of machine guns, and also a set of regimental colors, presented to it by the late Queen Victoria on the occasion of one of her visits to the castle at Blair Athol. It is the only armed body of men in Great Britain that does not figure on the army or navy lists of the British Crown, and which is entirely independent of the War Department and of the Admiralty.

The Canadian Commerce Department has issued a bulletin respecting the international exhibition to be held at Christchurch, New Zealand, from November, 1906, to March, 1907. The Canadian Government will erect a special building, with a floor space of 10,000 square feet, for the accommodation of exhibits illustrating the natural and manufactured products of Canada. It will also pay the cost of transportation of these exhibits to Christchurch, and likewise the cost of their installation and maintenance.

The "toughness" of the average Briton is proverbial but an extreme case is that of G. H. Williamson, a Conservative member of the British House of Commons for Worcester, who last week was unseated because overzealous friends had bought votes for him at the February election. It is reported that a royal commission will investigate charges of bribery of ninety-seven voters, and the whole city is in danger of being disfranchised. That fate befell Oxford once.



John—What be the meanin' o' that number 'angin' up in front?

Darby—Why, that be the number o' people they've killed—*Tatler*.

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A LITTLE MOUNTAIN RIDE

BY JANE WELLS FRASER.

SEVEN cayuses, six Eastern girls, five of them from Ontario, and all members of the Canadian Women's Press Club, with a Western guide—such was the little cavalcade that set gaily out one bright June afternoon from the C. P. R. Hotel at Banff, in the valley of the Bow, with the snow peaks of the Rockies standing guard all about.

An ascent of Sulphur Mountain by the 12 miles of bridle path was the plan for the afternoon. After many days of railway journeying, it was good to feel the quick-moving horse beneath one. Truly, "there is nothing so good for the inside of a man as the outside of a horse."

To half the six, horseback riding was new; the other three had had more or less of experience. In the busy work-days at home, two of the girls wrote for the women's department in important dailies. Another, a keen editorial writer, was just now occupied with the biography of a well-known Canadian public man. A fourth did market reports for her paper—reports not of the rise and fall of stocks and bonds, but of the vitally more important markets where good dinners grow, and the makings of happy husbands are consequently to be found. To complete her joyful mission, she was responsible also for the weekly joke page. Inspector of good dinners and maker of good jokes, what more worthy niche could woman fill? A fifth of the writers had done dainty bits of verse, and the sixth spent busy days in the making of papers for children and young folk. Sufficiently varied in their work, all were of one mind in their play, to have the best time all the time, and, above all, to miss no new experience, which is surely part of the law of every true journalist.

Once away from the hotel yard, the little ponies broke into a rapid lope of two miles along pine-bordered, soft, smooth roads, such splendid roads; a six days' driving trip, the Park Superintendent had told us earlier in the day, might be made along the roadways of this vast three million acre park, the largest National Park in the world.

Here and there by the roadside were cosy bungalows, where Westerners and Easterners, and people from the



READY FOR THE START.

Then came Billy, the smallest of the bunch—little Billy, with the littlest and pluckiest girl "aboard" him. There was Rocky Bob, too, brown and sturdy, with the nervous, quick-twitching ears of the Western pony. "I went a long way before I could see anything but those ears," said Rocky Bob's untried but enterprising rider.

Next to the last, paced Silver Jim, not the desperado, or gambler, or "bad" man one might expect from his name, but a meekly obstinate buckskin pony, which would go no faster than he must.

But though Silver Jim seemed meek, he was by no means prosaic. No inch of the path suited him so well as the extreme outward edge, and no persuasion on the part of his rider could induce him to hug the inner rocky slope. At each turn, he would pause for some seconds, as if to demand that his rider give its full need of admiration to the magnificent view opening out below.

After one such pause, this riddle was propounded by the waiting rider behind, "If Silver Jim were not so sure-footed, what comic opera would he resemble?" and although Jim cocked his ears knowingly, he did not quite guess that it would be "The Silver Slipper."

Joe, brown, well sprinkled with white, though not from age, for he was young and a bit nervous, came last of all, good little Joe, who could turn the sharpest corner with the fewest steps, and who seemed to view Silver Jim's antics with supreme scorn. In the East, too, I had ridden sturdy, stocky Western horses, but no one of them answered so quickly to touch of rein or heel as little Joe.

Up, up, the string wound. Above and below, rose black-stemmed pines, with moss, dull-green and dry, at their roots, broken by an occasional, soft-colored crocus; between the stems one caught glimpses of the pine-clad mountains across the valley, and, higher up, the sun shining white and dazzling on their snowy tops. The panorama below unfolded gradually—a river and a valley—the beautiful Bow winding through green banks; here and there its smooth, swift-running current broken by "white water," or enfo'ding a wooded island; with, all about, the guardian mountains: Mount Rundle with its splendidly cut twin peaks, Cascade Mountain, huge and black, Tunnel Mountain, a knob-shaped hill, Mount Edith, snow-capped, and kindred peaks standing in close order.

Gradually the pines grow slimmer, and the wood more silent, lacking the voices of birds and the chatter of the squirrels, heard lower down. Strict laws preserve the game throughout the park: there is no hunting except with the harmless, necessary—and inevitable—camera. The houses in the village below seem to have shrunk, and the awe and majesty of the hills of God stills our merry party for a little.

Here and there we see, across the valleys, snow lying deep in the crevices. The guide stops for a minute by a leaping little mountain brook. He is a restless soul, our guide, and confesses to many journeys, now a cowboy on the range, now a guide in the mountains, hating to stick long to one thing, and loving change. We approve of Bob, though; for, before our ride is over, he tells us that we are the pluckiest "bunch" he has ever had out.

The air is growing keen and rare in our nostrils, and one's breath comes a little quicker. Each turn brings fresh bits of beauty, until, as Bob announces, to the joy of some of the weary ones, "We're most there," we seem to be riding straight into the blue, cloud-flecked sky stretching across the end of the path.

One more turn, and we are at the summit, and though some knees are stiff from the long-held, unwanted position, all that is forgotten in the long breath of delight at the scene. We stand on a mountain in the midst of mountains, a snow-capped ring of pine-clad hills closing us in, with the green valley and its winding river far below.

Far off among the hills lies sickle-shaped, opal-tinted Lake Minnewanka, with its less savory translation of the Indian name, Devil's Lake. Last summer on just such days of brilliant sunshine, I had revelled in the beauties of the Swiss mountains. It is difficult to define the difference in the charm of the Alps and the mountains of Canada. In the Rockies one misses the picturesqueness of the frequent chalets, or the unlooked-for villages that nestle here and there in the mountains of Switzerland. But the very loneliness of the Rockies adds to their wonder of awesome beauty, a loneliness and majesty enhanced by the breadth of their setting in the vast Western plains.

The one building on this splendid summit is the Sulphur Mountain Observatory, the highest weather station in Canada. In the Dominion Government Museum in Banff village, the readings of the Observatory's wind gauge, barometer, and thermometer, are automatically registered, and frequent visits to the summit by the official in charge assure most efficient service from this high-perched, weather-observing station.

Banks of snow lie at our feet on the mountain top, and the snow-chilled breeze blows keen and fresh. So, before very long, we mount for the down trip.

With the rein of



THE OBSERVATORY AT TOP OF SULPHUR MOUNTAIN, B.C.

The highest weather reporting station in Canada.

each horse thrown over the saddle horn of the next, the little cayuses have waited patiently, while we admired the view, more patiently than the horses of two other riders we knew, who, that very day, had stopped, after a short ride, to look over some of the beautiful collections in the Museum in Banff village. The horses had been left hitched to the museum veranda rail. But evidently the tastes of Western ponies run to more frivolous subjects than museums, for when, half an hour later, the riders came out, the ponies and part of the museum veranda rail were gone. Though so solid an object as a museum failed to hold the seemingly illiterate Western ponies, so trained are they that the feel of the rein across the neck or foot is a sure hitching post.

A curious effect appeared, as our little string lengthened out on its downward way. So quickly did the path double on itself, that the rider on the next loop below was visible coming towards you, while on the path below that again, the rider went forward. The passing and repassing brought reminiscently to mind the manoeuvres of a military musical ride.

Entirely fresh points of view were gained on the way down, with new points of beauty at each turn.

Purple shadows were beginning to creep up the valley, though the sun still sparkled where the snow lay high on the silver-tipped mountains. "The Gate of the Rockies," some one has called Banff, but those snowy, dazzling peaks brought the thought of the white gates of the City of God, where "nought that defileth" may enter in.

Down, down we wound. The village again became life-sized, the river more than a thread. "One more turn," the guide called, and then we were off on the smooth road, with the horses fretting for a lop, which grew faster and faster, until the final dash back to the starting-point.

"Was it worth while? the time and the fatigue?" the others of our party asked next day. And everyone of the half-dozen gave an emphatic "yes." Of the fun of the ride we could tell them, and something or what we had seen; but the memory of those great enclosing hills and snow-topped mountains could only be gained each for herself. That we had seen, that we knew, and another beauty picture was added to the bits of earth's loveliness kept in store for the joy and refreshing of leisure moments, or for the brightening of dark depressing days—depressing days when famine of thought or of beauty should threaten. For, after all, one main delight of journeys, short or long, is the wider thinking space with which they enrich the traveller.

Mr. Jerome A. Hart on the Rothschilds

THE FAMOUS SULPHUR BATHS AT BANFF.

HERE is no more entertaining or effective newspaper writer than Mr. Jerome A. Hart, editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*. Especially when he "starts after" an individual or an institution there is fun for the disinterested reader who appreciates a finely-phrased "roast." Recently the Rothschild Bank broke off relations with the Bank of California, evidently because they heard that many San Franciscans abroad were, it is said, greatly inconvenienced by being unable to have letters of credit on Rothschild & Sons honored while they were attempting to hurry home to their stricken city. Mr. Hart, in giving his opinion of this action, relates a personal experience with the Rothschilds. He was travelling in England some years ago, and having difficulty in certain districts in securing advances on his letter of credit he wrote to the bank asking for a remittance. He had a reply saying that he must forward the letter itself and wait results. Mr. Hart was "inspired by this over-cautious epistle with a strong desire to see what manner of men presided over the great financial institution of Rothschild & Sons" and accordingly went to London. He tells the story as follows in the *Argonaut*:

The trip took us clear across England, but as we never before had entered the Bank of Rothschild, on which we had drawn drafts from banks all over the world, perhaps it was worth while.

This was before the days of the "tuppenny tube," the new electric. It is a long trip by cab from the West End to the bank. So we took the steam railway from Charing Cross, which carries you there in a few minutes, and you alight from the train only a few paces from "the Bank," which means the Bank of England or "the old lady of Threadneedle Street," which thoroughfare is one of the streets which bound the Bank of England. Not far away, in St. Swithin's Lane, we found the famous institution of the Rothschilds. St. Swithin's Lane is a blind alley leading into a blind court. Around this grim court we wandered looking for a sign board or some indication of ownership. There was none. At last, after stumbling into three or four wrong places, we found the Rothschild Bank. We went from desk to desk, none of them marked, looking for the one where foreign exchange was cashed. At each desk we were sent to another. Finally we found the foreign exchange desk. The person in charge took the letter, glanced at it, threw it down and remarked semi-petulantly, "Why, that is not to be presented here." "Where, then?" we asked, poitely. The petulant person had already turned away and was busying himself with a newspaper. He looked at us long enough to remark snapily, "At the Head Office." (He called it "Ed Office.") To a query as to where the Head Office might be found he vouchsafed no reply. So we started off to hunt up the "Ed Office." After some difficulty we found it was in another building some distance away. Here again we wandered from desk to desk, none of them marked, until we found the right man, to whom we presented the letter. "Is this the proper place for presentation of foreign letters?" He replied that it was. The letter was presented and he withdrew into an inner office, returning after some ten minutes with a draft to be signed. As the writer signed the draft he said, "Would you be kind enough to give me this in five-pound notes?"

The gentleman of the Head Office looked at us with what seemed like indignation. "What, money?" he said in a shrill tone. "You want money? There is no money here; we handle nothing but cheques." With much humility the writer asked, "On what bank are the cheques drawn?" To this came the reply, "Why, our own bank of course; don't you know where our bank is?" On inquiry we found that the place to get the cheque cashed was the office we had just visited, some distance away. "Will that bank give a portion of this in small change, sovereigns and silver?" "No, indeed," said the haughty office gentleman warmly. "Change? Why, that's out of the question; they might have some five-pound notes, but they mostly have twenty-pound notes."

We felt crushed as we reflected that probably only

multi-millionaires cash their drafts at the Bank of Rothschild, where the smallest denomination is a twenty-pound note. However, we bowed to the "Ed Office" gentleman and sadly took up our line of march to the other building of the Rothschild Bank. He was partially right. They did refuse to give us any gold or silver, but let us have some five-pound notes.

Now it is absolutely necessary when travelling to have small change. A wise man loads up in the morning with small gold, small silver and copper. No cabman ever has any change at all. Then if you have small change you can determine the size of your own tips. Waiters have a fondness for bringing back nothing smaller than half a crown if they can.

So we timidly asked the haughty person at the banking end of the Rothschild Bank where we could get some change. He looked at us severely, "Why, at the Bank of England of course," he said. Shrinking visibly, we made our exit from the Rothschild Bank, and went some little distance away to the Bank of England. Of course we got into the wrong part—we got into the paper part. We were pushed and shoved out of there until we got into the coin part of the Bank of England. When we laid down some five-pound notes and requested change, the coin clerk could scarcely restrain his indignation; he told us we were at the gold end of the room, and ordered us to the other end if we wanted to get silver. We meandered in an apologetic way to the silver end of the coin department of the Bank of England. This coin clerk refused to give part gold and part silver, informing us truculently that he had nothinK to do with gold. He also refused to give us anything but a set sum done up in sealed bags and stamped with the amount; he also refused to let us open it on the counter. By this time our spirits were broken and we accepted a sealed bag. It was only on returning to our hotel when we broke open the bag and found that it contained no sixpences—the coin we wanted most—that we broke forth into vigorous American profanity concerning British banking and banks. After that we cashed drafts—as before—at the offices of the Cook agency. There we were treated civilly and our time was not wasted.

The most aristocratic journal ever produced in England will be the *Throne*, which is to make its appearance in London this month. It is to be more like an album of beautiful pictures than a society journal, and it has the most influential backing. Queen Alexandra has consented to contribute to the first number, which is in itself a very unusual honor, and nearly every duchess, American and English, will do something for the production. The *Throne* will not be found on any of the ordinary bookstands. It will be privately subscribed for, at the rate of \$16 a year. The promoters may make it a weekly or a fortnightly edition. A feature of the journal will be the reproduction in color by a new process of some of the famous pictures in English country houses. Mrs. Arthur Paget, who was Miss Mary Stevens, daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens of New York, has consented to look after the American news, and Mrs. Hilda Williams, the best dressed woman in London, is to look after the fashion department.

Sims Reeves, the great English singer, was once thus addressed in the green room by an impudent young tenor, who was down for single song in St. James' Hall, as a curtain-raiser: "I say, you're in, I see, for a big song, and you'd better use the far piano. The near one is tuned up to full concert pitch." "How—how dare you—how dare you speak to me like that?" gasped the great tenor. All the same, though, just before Sims Reeves' turn came on, his wife, having first said in a loud voice to the accompanist, "Mr. Reeves will sing to the high-pitch piano," added, *sotto voce*, "Please transpose the song down a semi-tone."



"Wye don't yer love me, 'Arrriet?" "Cos yer so bloomin' ugly." "Well, 'Arrriet, that's my misfortune, not my fault." "Misfortune be blowed; it's yer bloomin' ignorance." — *Tatler*.

Titled foreigners who come to secure American wives—and to replenish their purses—have usually been anxious to have themselves regarded as, at least legally, single men, says *Leslie's Weekly*. These fortune seekers of high rank have heretofore hailed from the Occident where the social ideas of modern civilization prevails. But now magnates of the Orient, where they have different notions from ours, also show a disposition to enter this fascinating field of endeavor. The only royal personage the United States is likely to have within its borders this year has arrived in California from the far East on matrimonial enterprise bent. He is Prince Low Ge Sing of Siam, and it is reported that he has been creating a furor on the Pacific coast by his search for an American young lady who will be willing to become his sixty-fourth wife. The prince appears to be an intelligent man, and he condescends to wear Western attire, but he has not as yet adopted Western views on the subject of polygamy. He does not seem to have entered on his quest solely for the purpose of improving his financial condition, but he has not as yet succeeded in finding a new consort on American soil, and is not likely to.

MEN WHO HAVE DONE THINGS

We hear so much of the wonderful things done by United States contractors—how they run over to England and rush to completion great works in the time that British contractors would take to puzzle out the details—how they make the whole world "sit up" by the celerity and efficiency of their methods—that it is interesting to note that the greatest tunnels constructed in the United States have been built by English contractors. At this moment Sir Weetman Dickson Pearson, the greatest contractor in the world, is building the four great railroad tunnels to Brooklyn, and Mr. Charles M. Jacobs, another English tunnel expert, has in hand the construction of extensive tunnels under the Hudson River. At the tunnel-making business a number of Canadians have also given the "Americans" pointers, notably D. D. McBean, a Lancaster county boy, who built the newly completed Harlem tunnel, New York.

The careers of some of these men who have done great things as contractors, overcoming difficulties so enormous as to appall the average mind, are of striking interest. Dexter Marshall tells of some of them.

SINCE the completion of the Simplon tunnel through the Alps, and leaving out the Panama Canal, the greatest public works going forward to-day are the two Pennsylvania Railroad tunnels connecting Manhattan Island with the mainland, running under the Hudson River, the four "McAdoo" tunnels for trolley cars under the Hudson, the four more Pennsylvania tunnels connecting Manhattan with Long Island, the city's two subway tunnels to Brooklyn under the East River, and the Belmont tunnel, which is being laid under the same estuary. No such extensive tunneling of this sort has

BY DEXTER MARSHALL

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Every one who has given any attention to the Pennsylvania's Hudson River tunnels remembers that it was Jacobs' ingenuity that solved the problem of construction satisfactorily to the railroad authorities, in the form of tubular bridges, which are being driven through the soft silt of which the Hudson's bottom is formed. Great screws pass through the bottom of the tubes to the solid rock under the silt, so as to form piers for the support of the "bridges" and the heavy railroad trains which are to traverse them.

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Sir Weetman looks like a captain of industry. He is a simple man, and amused all social and political England, according to a society journal, when he first went to Parliament, by walking up to the Speaker of the House and shaking hands with him as if the two had been business partners for years. He doesn't speak often; he is "too busy to gabble." He thinks nothing of long ocean voyages, and he is frequently in New York, looking after his big contracts. He has put up at the St. Regis ever since it was completed; before then he made the Waldorf his headquarters when in New York. When in Mexico he is generally the guest of President Diaz.

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ever been projected elsewhere.

Charles M. Jacobs, who, as engineer in charge, has built the four "McAdoo" tunnels, now almost completed—and who now has charge of the Pennsylvania tunnels under the Hudson River—has often been called the foremost tunnel builder in the world. He is an Englishman rather more than sixty, of striking appearance, a roundish face, a full moustache, a bare top head and pleasant manners. So far as America goes he was discovered in London by the late Austin Corbin fifteen or sixteen years ago, when the latter was planning a system of East and Hudson River tunnels that he didn't live to see bored.

Corbin brought Jacobs to the United States, and he worked out the plans for the tunnels which Corbin had in mind; that they were never dug was due to no fault of Jacobs, but rather, possibly, to Corbin's death. Jacobs, however, did the tunnel between Manhattan and Astoria for the passage of gas pipes. When McAdoo and his backers got ready to take hold of the Hudson River tunnels now known by McAdoo's name, which had been abandoned and full of water more than twenty years, except for a little while in 1892, Jacobs was the man to take charge of the work as chief engineer and push them through to completion.

The failure of the first tunnel builders who attacked the Hudson bores was due partly to inefficiency and partly to lack of cash; but, McAdoo having arranged for the cash, Jacobs showed himself to be provided with the efficiency by opening the first of the four tunnels in March, 1904. On September 30 of last year he opened the second—which was the one the original engineers began with, by the way—by knocking down with a hydraulic jack in the presence of quite a company the last seven inches of the seven-foot brick bulkhead with which the original builders had closed the bore when they abandoned it. They had worked from New York westward, and had only gone a few hundred feet when they ceased operations. Jacobs worked from the Jer-

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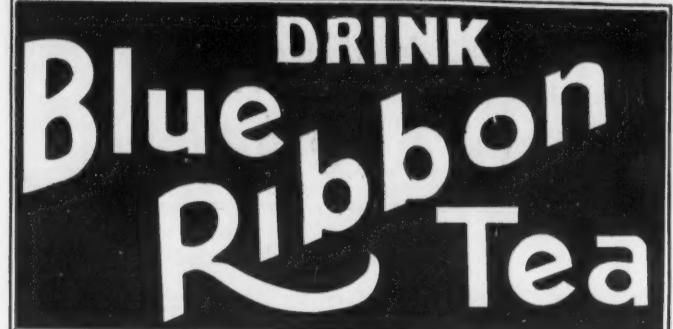
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could develop. The author, John Trotwood Moore, has already given us several good stories and songs of the South, and "The Bishop of Cottontown" is a tale that commands consideration.

The sacrifice of three invaluable citizens of Toronto through the reckless competition for a speed record between two English railways is a shock which should arouse the public to insist upon proper safeguards and precautions on the part of transportation companies. The fine English roadbeds, the well-built carriages, the attentive and polite guards, the clockwork time-keeping, the beautiful country, combine to make a trip from Plymouth to London a day's delight. For many of us the route will hereafter have a sinister interest, the mad midnight speed, the dash through Salisbury Station, the murderous crash, and the sighs and groans of the victims are what one will remember instead of the Devon hedgerows, the exquisite soft, rolling hills, the Tor, with its slim watch-tower, the plain, with its white wonder of a horse on the steep hill, the graceful cathedral and the beauty of the South of England in midsummer time. We who know the route can never gloat over its memory again; those friendly ones we cared for, sometimes from earliest childhood, who came to their death in so needless and cruel a fashion, are more to us than the fairest landscape, the loveliest work of artist and architect, and their fate will ever recur to the memory when the ride from Plymouth to London is recalled. To beat the record is not a lawful ambition when its pursuit jeopardizes a single human life.

This thought comes to one often, when reading of the contests between motor-car owners, who sometimes run races with passengers aboard, and perhaps shave death's dark abyss several times in a race. "It's the level-headed, strong-minded man who refuses a challenge, and doesn't concern himself that his challenger doubts his nerve," said a veteran chauffeur. "Any fool can swing on the power in a grand car, and trust to luck for a clear way and no breakage, but he is a fool, you know, and I know, and, by Gad, he knows. It's rather a good thing that he generally gets his lesson once and for all, and is put out of the chance of needing its repetition." The motor-car craze has taken such firm hold of our people that it's just as well to let the racers know in advance what an old hand thinks of them and their ways.

Here are a few sample scraps from "The Bishop of Cottontown": "Good-nature is one of the virtues of impurity." "As a man's eye, so is the weakness of a fool to think about himself." "Nothing makes so much for frowns in the cotton plant and in woman as to know they are not wanted." "Never let the world know you've quit; and let the undertaker that buries you be the first man to find out you're busted." "I've allers noticed a man's heredity for no-countness crops out after he's married." "Home in the South means more than it does anywhere else on earth." "There is no poverty like that which sits on the erstwhile throne of plenty." "God gives us the tips of life, but He expects us to make them into the dead cinches." "A honest' dram, tuck now and then, praverfully, is a good thing for any religion." "Liar is a fast horse, but he never runs but one race." "God makes one wise man to see before and a million fools to see afterwards." "Then's the time to stop lyin'; after you ain't caught." "As two generations of atheists will beget a thief, so will two generations of idle rich beget nonentities." "We shall never be truly great, as God intended, until we learn to work." "Between life and death 'T' is a bridge that means it all." "I know what eternity is—it's remembering before and after." "The fast thing I learned in geography was that God made three times as much water on the surface of the earth as he did dirt. But you wouldn't think so to look at the human race." It takes us a long time to take a hint." "Luck has been the cry of him who gambles with destiny. Work is the watchword of the man who believes in himself."

LADY GAY.

Long Shots.
Mother—Why don't you play popular music on the piano, Dora?

Dora—Because I take after papa, and I hear he never plays favorites.

—Exchange.

The "Cravennette" trade mark is your protection against cloth and rain coats that are neither "Cravennette" nor rain-proof. Every yard of the genuine



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Insist on seeing this trademark.

that Leo people are often misunderstood. Certainly they are frequently difficult to catalogue, owing to their prejudices, passionate nature, and violent partisanship. It's mostly the Leo mothers who quarrel with their neighbors about their children, or arrive at the school with blood in their eye because the teacher has corrected their mischief. Your writing marks you rather as the passive Leo who would rather plan than act, is fond of the comforts of life, and on the whole rather indolent; you have cumulative purpose and a certain amount of dominance, are reasonably cautious, and would probably brood in silence over what might be easily cleared up with a few sensible words. It isn't the hand of a woman likely to go happily through life, entirely because of her morbid egotism. There are some fine possibilities in you, but yet undeveloped.

N. C. M.—You are cautious, direct, self-reliant, and alive to praise; somewhat ambitious, persevering and practical, affectionate and fond of the good things of life, but not over-indulgent either to yourself or others. You have clarity and facility of expression, and very good energy and initiative. February 28 brings you under Pisces, a water sign, and one influencing the finest of developments or the weakest of failures. Pisces people are often over-sensitive and self-deprecative, but you are not of that species. If it would please you I might say that in leading lines your writing closely resembles that of the cleverest Pisces man I know, a whale among the fishes. With great nerve you mingle a serious lot of pessimism, and may easily wreck upon the Pisces rock—disgouragement.

I. M.—The gentleman should hand

the checks to the usher, and immediately follow him, standing aside when the seats are located to allow the lady to pass in first. One must use judgment in this matter. Should the lady's seat be next one occupied by a man or woman not very pleasant, and the gentleman's seat be next a friend of the couple or a refined stranger, the man may quite properly whisper, "I'd better give you my seat," and pass in first. But he always goes down the aisle first in any case.

Reuben.—If you believe in heredity to such an extent as to accord it influence over your soul, nothing I can tell you of your individual characteristics would have any weight. I certainly know (it's not a case of "belief," but a self-evident fact) that we inherit the physical peculiarities, strength, and weakness of our ancestors, near or remote. Also a child often forms its manners on its parents' model, as you say you have done. But the individual character is your own, has been your own through all the ages, and you add to its worth or deteriorate it, each experience you go through.

If you are indolent, shifty, impatient, passionate, vain, or humble, you will conquer or change these traits into their complementary virtues, or you will aggravate them into vices, just according to your psychic insight into the real values of life, and your will to be free. Heredity does not touch the soul, the only part of you that is worth spending much care upon. Do your duty by its temple, keep it strong, clean, and pure, train your faculties to their best attainments, after whoever or whatever seems to you worthy, but don't think you can burden the Divine in you with any human legacy, except that from your own hand. Your birth sign, Scorpio, the middle sign in the water triplicity, is one under which the keenest struggles go on against anger, jealousy and passion, as well as a thirst for flattery and a tiresome procrastination. These are the pitfalls of the Scorpio child. When Scorpio people are awakened and spiritualized they are the very salt of the earth—helpful, powerful, tender, and devoted to humanity. I cannot advise you about the union with the Sagittarius study you enclose. It seems amenable, and apt to be dominated by so determined and unsentimental a person as yourself. But you can't be won on these here.

Relieved.

"You seem to be in a particularly happy frame of mind this morning, Mr. Wadsworth."

"I am. For several months past I have had a suspicion that my private secretary and my stenographer were in love with each other."

"And have you found that you were mistaken?"

"Yes. He came to me last night and asked for my daughter."—Judge."

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A California Doctor With 40 Years Experience.

"In my 40 years' experience as a teacher and practitioner along hygienic lines," says a Los Angeles physician, "I have never found a food to compare with Grape-Nuts for the benefit of the general health of all classes of people. I have recommended Grape-Nuts for a number of years to patients with the greatest success and every year's experience makes me more enthusiastic regarding its use."

"I make it a rule to always recommend Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee in place of coffee when giving my patients instructions as to diet, for I know both Grape-Nuts and Postum can be digested by anyone."

"As for myself, when engaged in much mental work my diet twice a day consists of Grape-Nuts and rich cream. I find it just the thing to build up gray matter and keep the brain in good working order."

"In addition to its wonderful effects as a brain and nerve food Grape-Nuts always keeps the digestive organs in perfect, healthy tone. I carry it with me when I travel, otherwise I am almost certain to have trouble with my stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Strong endorsements like the above from physicians all over the country have stamped Grape-Nuts the most scientific food in the world.

"There's a reason."

Look in packages for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Hot Weather
HEADACHES

Tablets, powders, drugs, of any kind will NOT cure headaches. Simply because they never reach the CAUSE of the headache.

What causes headaches? Poisoned blood, always.

If the bowels are constipated—

If the kidneys are weak—

If the millions of pores of the skin are not active—

There are bound to be headaches.

Fruit-atives

on "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS"

cause headaches because they cure the nerves. They go to the root of the trouble, invigorate and strengthen the liver and increase the flow of bile into the bowels, which cure constipation. Act directly on the kidneys, heal all kidney irritation. Act on the skin, stimulate and open the pores.

With bowels, kidneys and skin all healthy and working in harmony, the blood is kept pure and rich and there can be no headaches.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are pure fruit juices—combined by a secret process with tonics and intestinal antiseptics.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

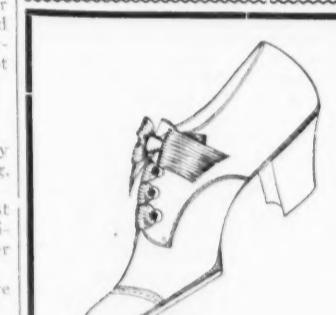
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Price is low enough to keep you cool—

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H. & C. BLACKFORD,

114 Yonge Street.

Bed-Rock Price.

The proprietor of a Boston hotel says that a week or two ago a dusty, tired-looking person from Nashua, New Hampshire, presented himself at the desk of the hotel, stating that he desired a room.

"I've et my supper an' shall be off before breakfast," said he, gravely, to the clerk; "now what would be your lowest price for a room to sleep in?"

"One dollar, if you leave at six o'clock to-morrow morning," was the reply.

"Well—er—wouldn't half a dollar make it just about right?" demanded the wayfarer, producing a battered fifty-cent piece. "You see, I'm all excited up, travellin', an' I don't expect to sleep more'n half the time I'm in there."—Harper's Weekly."

ON THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC



IMMENSE CUTTING NEAR FORT WILLIAM.

This cutting is 56 feet high, containing 58,000 cubic yards, through red clay and cement gravel. The dump projected from this is 110 feet high. Another cutting was made in the same district, which contained 45,000 cubic yards, and which is nearly a half mile in length, through the same material. The contractors, Purcell & McDougald, expect to finish their work in August.



HOSPITAL ON THE G. T. P. RIGHT OF WAY.

Since this building was erected on the Grand Trunk Pacific right of way, near Fort William, last December, over 1,900 patients have been treated therein. Dr. Norman Ferguson, who is in charge, is a young medical man from Toronto.

NEW YORK LETTER

WHEN the announcement was made of a Sothern-Marlowe season of Shakespeare at the Academy, the knowing ones shook their heads and foretold disaster. Some went further, and accused Mr. Frohman of a malicious intent to dim the lustre of this "star-double" ere it set in his own managerial sky. Misgivings and suspicions, however, proved alike unfounded. Shakespeare found himself the popular idol of the Fourteenth street clientele, and the two artists, instead of cheapening their reputations, as some feared, have broadened immensely the sphere of their artistic influence. From a business standpoint, the engagement proved one of the brilliant strokes of the season. No doubt the masses who thronged that theater nightly for four weeks, where "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," and "Hamlet" were successively presented, were caught somewhat by the glamor of the Broadway stars (are we ourselves free of such influences?), but the great attraction, I am convinced, was Shakespeare, and the opportunity to enjoy high-class drama at prices within reach of humble purses.

Our own devotion to Shakespeare—that is, we of the Upper Rialto—when it is not affectation pure and simple, is largely a matter of conscience or convention, and, as God still rules the Teutonic world through conscience, may I add, our occasional pilgrimage to Avon's lovely shrine is thereby assured. But to the masses Shakespeare stands for just what he is, the great master of the simple elements of drama, be the play comedy or tragedy. The Academy engagement was unique in many ways. And, thanks to the sincerity and devotion of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, to whom we all owe so much, is destined to remain a premier memory in the theatrical experience of thousands less favored in opportunities perhaps, but no whit less appreciative of the excellent in dramatic offerings.

And, speaking of dramatic appreciation, this same company pays Toronto to the compliment of supplying the most satisfactory "Twelfth Night" audience of their entire season. This is good, but why so many exceptions? Or is it an abnormal conscience?

The Sothern-Marlowe engagement over, leaves for our serious entertainment only two dramas, Mr. Belasco's highly successful "Girl of the Golden West" and Charles Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse," both of which have already run for several months, and will in all probability be continued throughout the summer. Mr. Klein's play, notwithstanding its success here,

lurid sensations. What the outcome will be is already sufficiently in doubt. The defence have elected to enter a plea of "emotional insanity," and trust to the "unwritten law." New York juries, too, have quite demonstrated their aptitude in arriving at a sentimental verdict on occasions, and the sentimental aspects of the present case will not be overlooked.

J. E. W.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. J. Main of Prince Arthur avenue and her guests, Miss Eilbeck and Miss Richardson of Alma College, enjoyed a most delightful automobile trip to Buffalo last week.

Mrs. Carleton and daughter of Rosedale leave to-morrow for Richfield Springs, Boston, and Winthrop Beach, not returning until late in August.

Mrs. Fred Plumb will not return from abroad until the end of August.

On Wednesday, July 4, at the residence of the bride's parents, Beatrice street, Toronto, Miss Ethel Isabel, eldest daughter of Mr. Malcolm Macleod, was quietly married to Mr. Harold Rochester Frost, barrister-at-law, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by the Rev. W. H. Hincks, LL.D., uncle of the groom. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Laura Macleod, and Miss Marion Frost of Owen Sound, niece of the groom, was flower girl. Miss Ethel Telford of Hanover rendered very pleasingly the wedding music. Mr. R. D. Hume of Toronto was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Frost left after the ceremony for points in the East.

A moonlight sail on the "Cleopatra" was on, weather permitting, for last evening at 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gooch and their sons are spending the summer at Bowmanville.

Several families are making ready for a summer sojourn in Prince Edward Island.

Miss Cameron of Montreal and Miss Nesbitt of Woodstock are with Mrs. D. D. Mann this week.

Mrs. Hardy returned early in the week from a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arto Hardy in Brockville.

Mrs. Angus Sinclair and her family have gone to Georgian Bay for the summer.

Mrs. Shaw, wife of Colonel Shaw, has been very ill at Grace Hospital for some time.

Mrs. Clinch has gone to England, accompanied by Miss Gladys Murton of Oshawa.

Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt gave a small dinner last evening at Casa Loma.

Mr. and Mrs. George Blaikie are at Minnecog.

The residence of Mr. T. D. Richardson, on Howland avenue, was the scene of a pretty house wedding on Tuesday last, when Mrs. Richardson's niece, Miss Rose Davies, was married to Mr. William Taylor Southworth, eldest son of Mr. Thomas Southworth, before a small company, members of the respective families. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Macnab of St. Alban's cathedral. The charming bride, who was married in a travelling dress of blue broadcloth, was given away by her uncle, and was unattended. After a dainty wedding breakfast, the bridal couple left by steamer "Toronto" on a honeymoon trip to Quebec, the Thousand Islands and Charleston Lake. On their return to Toronto they will be en pension at Balmoral Beach. The bride was the recipient of many handsome gifts from relatives in Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Brockville, Gananoque, and elsewhere. The groom's gift was a turquoise and diamond ring, and among the other gifts was a mahogany writing desk from the groom's sister, a handsome tea service, a cabinet of silver from George Taylor, M.P., and substantial cheques from the bride's uncle and the groom's father.

Other theaters that remain open, if not for our serious uplifting, for at least our relaxation and amusement are the Casino, with a highly characteristic summer show, "The Social Whirl," and the New York, where "His Honor the Mayor" is enjoying a quite phenomenal run. Blanche Ring, and "the original English pony ballet" are chiefly responsible for the success of the latter, and charming entertainment each provides. With the single exception of Fritz Scheff, I do not recall in the entire field of musical comedy anyone more charming, wholesome, and womanly than Miss Ring. And like Miss Scheff, she can sing. Her "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," is worth going miles to hear, and rivals her own "My Irish Molly O!" of last season's fame.

I had intended to give some account of the roof gardens of New York in this, but this particular corner of the "world of folly" is still haunted by those three terrible shots that left the opening performance of "Mamelle" "Champagne" unfinished, and rung down the curtain of another act—for one the final—in the lives of these two comic tragedians of the ultra-social world. To choose this particular spot for the scene of the shooting was not only a selfish invasion of the rights of others, but proves the utter bathos of the whole performance. Indeed, were it not for their wealth and social prominence, the theatrical vulgarity of the thing would be at once apparent, and the tragedy take its place among ordinary Bowery happenings. The victim was apparently a gay "rounder" and libertine, and his jealous slayer a weakling and a degenerate, deserving of some sympathy perhaps because of the hereditary taint it bears. If one was a menace to society, the other is a worse than useless member of it.

Stupendous efforts will be made, notwithstanding, to save the murderer from the electric chair, and the trial, in its revelations of the doings of this ultra-smart set, will provide some

groomsmen was Mr. Fred W. Coyne.

Rev. Alfred J. Vale of Lindsay, an intimate friend of the groom, performed the ceremony.

Among the week's arrivals at the Royal Muskoka are: Mrs. T. M. Harris, Messrs. H. K. Harris and L. S. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clark, Miss Marion and Master Christy Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mullock, Commodore and Mrs. Haas, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Moodie and Miss Moodie of Hamilton. Many more well-known Toronto people are coming up within a few days to spend the summer at the Royal Muskoka.

An exceedingly pretty house wedding was celebrated Wednesday evening, June 27, when Mr. Edmund Nicholas Keller and Miss Marian Dorothy Davis, eldest daughter of Mr. William Davis, 175 Sorrento avenue, Parkdale, were married. The bride's maid was Miss Mildred Davis, younger sister of the bride; the

groomsmen was Mr. Fred W. Coyne.

He said, gazing up into his face. "I'm always thinking of something new. I've even found a new idea for those gramophone records you bought last week, and which cost such a lot of money."

"How clever you are!" he said.

"What is your latest idea?"

"Well," she began, "I placed a skein of wool upon the backs of two chairs, then I fixed a reel on to the

gramophone-pin, tied one end of the wool on the reel, and started the gramophone. It wound up the wool in no time."

"You are a perfect little genius!" he gasped faintly.

"Wait!" she replied. "I have a still better idea. To-morrow I intend to

place a little bath-brick on one of the records, start the gramophone, and the knives will be clean in no time!"

"I do try to be helpful to you."

Then he fainted.—"Answers."

Two men were undergoing civil service examinations in New York City for jobs in the fire department.

Among the questions to be answered was one of a rather complicated character regarding municipal government.

One candidate answered: "What's that to do with squirting a hose?"

The other man wrote in answer to the same question, "I don't know, but I want the job."

Both men passed.—Chicago "Journal."

lurid sensations. What the outcome will be is already sufficiently in doubt. The defence have elected to enter a plea of "emotional insanity," and trust to the "unwritten law." New York juries, too, have quite demonstrated their aptitude in arriving at a sentimental verdict on occasions, and the sentimental aspects of the present case will not be overlooked.

J. E. W.

NEW ARRIVALS
IN AUTO APPAREL

Fresh from the cases, direct from an exclusive maker in New York City. This man gives his undivided attention to the Automobile trade, which explains the unusual excellence of the making and the perfect correctness of the styles. That also tells why the prices are so low. We are the only firm in Canada who can give you these goods.

Note the graceful lines of these Women's Dusters, 54 inches long—the neat semi-fitting back, the large, roomy loose sleeves with wind puffs. High collar and tab fasteners. Half belt at back. Material is fine domestic linen—very durable. The price, \$5.00.

More dusters in a finer quality of linen. Your choice of blue body, red trimmed; lavender body, white trimmed; or tan with white trimmings. Generous loose fitting garments with red edging effects. Wind puffs in sleeve. Half belt. Pockets and vents to allow hand in to hold up skirt. The price, \$7.50.

A nice fine quality of mohair cloth makes up these \$12.50 Women's Dusters. They're made same style as the \$7.50 ones, in colors dark grey, tan and blue. The price, \$12.50.

The same in Silk Pongee or heavy rib linen with leather collars and cuffs and elastic at wrists. The price, \$12.50.

Every kind of Caps, Gloves, Veilings, Goggles and Chauffers' Suits in khaki, with cap and leggings to match, waiting your close inspection—that kind of quality.

SECOND FLOOR—YONGE STREET.

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CLOSE SATUR-
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Cantrell's
"AROMATIC" GINGERALE
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The inimitable freshness, purity and flavor of these renowned beverages may be traced to the water used in their manufacture. Obtained from the famous well of St. Patrick--situated on the premises of Cantrell & Cochrane, Limited--this water forms a basis of purity which is adhered to in all the process of manufacture.

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FOR PURITY

Sold at leading hotels, restaurants and clubs

JOHN HOPE & CO.,
Agents for Canada, MONTREAL

He Had to Button Them.

They took him to the sanitarium moaning feebly: "Thirty nine, thirty-nine," he whispered.

"What does he mean by that?" the attendant inquired.

"It's the number of buttons on the back of his wife's new frock," the family doctor explained.—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

Two men were undergoing civil service examinations in New York City for jobs in the fire department. Among the questions to be answered was one of a rather complicated character regarding municipal government. One candidate answered: "What's that to do with squirting a hose?" The other man wrote in answer to the same question, "I don't know, but I want the job." Both men passed.—Chicago "Journal."

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



At Massey Hall on Thursday evening, June 28, art and education were combined in the Commencement exercises of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. An exceptionally comprehensive and meritorious programme of musical numbers preceded the presentation of diplomas by Rev. Canon Cody. Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillante" was effectively and sympathetically interpreted, as an inaugural contribution by Marjorie Hoig, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison conducting the orchestra. The orchestra, although of an impromptu nature, was a credit to Toronto. Norah Hayes, sister of Lena M. Hayes, played Mendelssohn's E minor Concerto for the violin, displaying admirable schooling and exceptional talent. She was supported by Jessie C. Perry, the Mendelssohn Choir's efficient accompanist. Miss Hayes is one of the youngest, and at the same time most promising, of the Conservatory's long list of graduates. Marley R. C. Sherris, accompanied at the piano by Mr. R. S. Pigott's artistic tonal background, sang Schumann's "Ich Grolle Nicht," and Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" Excellent enunciation, intelligent phrasing and purity of tone were characteristics of Mr. Sherris' songs. The last two movements of the "Concerto in G minor," Mendelssohn, played by Helen M. A. Strong and the orchestra, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp conducting, proved to be one of the most brilliant features of the concert. "Wenn Ich in Deine Augen," Schumann, and "Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai," Hammond, were accompanied by Mrs. Ryan Burke, and sung by Helen Mockett, the happy possessor of an exceptionally pleasing and artistically developed soprano voice. Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen, Opus 20," for violin and orchestra, played by W. George Ruthford, and conducted by Mrs. Dreschler Adamson, aroused well-deserved enthusiasm. Violette F. Thomson, A.T.C.M., who has a fine stage presence, sang the familiar "Arditi L'Estasie" with accuracy and grace. Hiller's "F sharp minor Concerto" (last two movements), interpreted by Jessie Allen, pianist, and the orchestra, Dr. Edward Fisher conducting, was a superb number. Repose was especially noticeable among Miss Allen's other admirable qualities. Fervor and musically phrasing and vocalization characterized "Hear Ye, Israel." Helen Davies, A.T.C.M., singing the difficult aria, and Dr. Albert Ham directing the orchestra. It was a matter of general regret that owing to illness Lillian Wilcockson was unable to sing her selection. Mary L. Caldwell, pianist, and the orchestra, ably conducted by Dr. Fisher, gave, in conclusion, a masterly performance of Weber's "Concertstück, Opus 79." Rev. Canon Cody (who was preceded in his address by Dr. Fisher's appropriate introductory remarks) spoke at length, wisely and eloquently, to the large audience, and later to the numerous graduates present. The work, achievements, and future of the Conservatory were referred to in the highest terms. Diplomas were then announced and presented as follows to many white-gowned graduates, most of whom carried luxuriant flowers:

A Partial Scholarship, value \$40.00, awarded by the Conservatory for "Highest Standing" with 1st class honors, Intermediate Examination, Piano Department, to Miss Annie Connor, Toronto, and Miss Alice Layburn, Port Arthur.

A partial scholarship, value \$25.00, awarded by the Conservatory for "Highest Standing" with 1st class honors, Junior Examination, Piano Department, to Miss Laura Eleanor Irwin, Kamloops, B.C.

A partial scholarship, value \$50.00, awarded by the Conservatory for "Highest Standing" with 1st class honors, Junior Examination, Piano Department, to Miss Jessie Allen, Toronto.

A partial scholarship, value \$25.00, awarded by the Conservatory for "Highest Standing" with 1st class honors, Intermediate Examination, Theory Department, to Miss Margaret A. MacKenzie, Bruce Mines.

A partial scholarship, value \$15.00, awarded by the Conservatory for "Highest Standing" with 1st class honors, Primary Examination, Theory Department, to Miss Eleanor Robertson, Toronto.

The following is the list of graduates, 1906, alphabetically arranged:

Pianoforte (Artists' Course)—Miss Mabel Angel, Liberty, N.Y.; Miss Pauline Biedermann, St. John, N.B.; Miss Edith Dickson, Orillia; Miss Jeanette Killmaster, Port Rowan; Miss Nell McConnell, Toronto; Miss Lena Martin, Owen Sound; Miss

Libbie Pearsall, Toronto; Miss L. Winnifred Stalker, Toronto.

Pianoforte (Teachers' Course)—Miss Annie Connor, Toronto; Miss Marie Hennessy, Toronto; Miss Eva Irene Hughes, Toronto; Miss Alice Layburn, Port Arthur; Miss Florence E. Turver, Buffalo, N.Y.

Voice—Miss Helen Kirby Ferguson, Toronto; Miss Mamie Fowle, Erin; Miss Myrtle Gallagher, Jarvis; Miss Edna A. C. Greenway, Little Britain; Miss M. Lillian Moore, Peterborough; Miss Mary Alexa Mortson, Jefferson; Miss Blanche V. O'Hara, Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby; Miss Lysa E. S. Taylor, Chatsworth.

Violin—Miss Norah M. Hayes, Toronto.

Organ—Miss Daisy E. Faed, Cannington; Miss Luella A. Knapp, Kingston; Miss Carlotta Wickson, Toronto.

Theory—Miss Mary Andrews, Keene; Sister Mary Carmel, Ursuline Academy, Chatham; Mr. James Norman Egleson, Brockville; Miss Florence L. Presant, Guelph; Miss M. Evelyn Stevenson, Ancaster; Miss E. C. Wilma Warne, Bracebridge.

School of expression (Physical Culture Course)—Miss Ina May Jones, Brantford.

Pianoforte (Teachers' Course)—Miss Edith Breckenridge, Toronto; Miss May Crane, Toronto; Miss Claudia Gaviller, Grand Valley; Miss Florence E. Henry, Napanee; Miss Hazel Ireland, Carberry, Man.; Miss Florence Edith Preston, Napanee; Miss Winnifred Stalker, Toronto; Miss Olive Thomson, Owen Sound; Miss Alma F. Tipp, Toronto.

Voice—Miss Eva A. L. McQuay, Owen Sound.

The "Etude" for June has two further contributions on the question: "What is American music?" One of the writers, Professor Edward Dickinson, expresses his conviction that "we are apt to overrate the part that folk song holds in that mysterious composite of influences that moulds and directs the mind of the musical genius. I could never feel that the music of the negroes and Indians had vitality and sap enough in it to serve as a foundation for a distinctive and prolific form of art. Perhaps this is because the genius has not yet appeared who has the ability to develop it. If this is to be done, it is pretty certain that it must be accomplished by a composer of the same blood."

S. Junior—This piece of music, my teacher says, is in common time. S. Senior—Oh, er, well, take it back to him and say we want nothing common. We can afford to pay for a superior article.—"Ally Sloper's Half Holiday."

When did the first public concert in America take place? According to O. G. Sonneck, writing in the "New Music Review" for June, the date was December 30, 1731, and the place Boston. Hanslick dates the first Vienna public concert in 1740, nine years later than Boston's first experiment. London has had public concerts since 1672, Frankfort-on-the-Main since 1713, and Hamburg since 1719.

At an entertainment given in Scotland everybody had contributed to the evening's amusement except a certain Dr. MacDonald, whom the chairman pressed to sing. The doctor declared he could not give them a song. "My voice," he said, "is like the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door."

The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty, and told him that good singers required a lot of pressing, so at last he remarked: "Well, if you can stand it, I will sing."

When he had finished there was a painful silence, and then a voice spoke as follows: "Mon, your singin's no up to much, but your veracity's just awful. You're right about that brick."—New York "Evening Telegram."

At the Theater.—Henry, what makes the members of the orchestra go under the stage so often?" Henry—To get another horn, I suppose.—Exchange.

In her "Life of Leschetizky," which forms the latest volume in John Lane's "Living Masters of Music" series, Annette Hullah relates that one day a rich tradesman came to one of his musical friends to ask what his terms would be for giving piano lessons to his daughter. He named his price. "Well," said the tradesman, "that certainly is expensive—but does it include the black keys as well as the white?" The writer also relates how, one day, Brahms (who liked Leschetizky, but not his pieces) came into his room one day while he was composing. Looking over the pianist's shoulder, he exclaimed: "Ha! What sort of things are you writing this morning?"

I see—quite little things, little things, of course, yes." "Little things?" replied Leschetizky. "Yes, they are, but ten times more amusing than yours, I can tell you."

After a recent performance of Wagner's "Walküre" in London, Hans Richter said that he had that night conducted in public for the 4,000th time. That would mean, so he said, something like 12,000 full rehearsals and between 25,000 and 35,000 piano rehearsals. Richter, who was born in 1843, began his career as a conductor in 1868, with a performance of "William Tell."

Speaking of the musical exposition in Berlin, the correspondent of the "Musical Courier" says:

Side by side with the Beethoven scores lie the manuscripts of one before whose name the whole world bows down—Johann Sebastian Bach! Here are the originals of that greatest of all oratorios, the B minor Mass, of two cantatas, of that noble work, "The St. Matthew Passion" music, and a score upon which every living pianist should look—the "Well Tempered Clavichord." This lies open at the first prelude (C major), the one upon which Gounod wrote his famous melody. Next to the "Clavichord" lies a manuscript which made me gasp and take off my hat in awe. It is for me the most impressive autograph I ever looked upon—the Bach chaconne! It is written in a big, bold hand. The grand old cantor's manuscripts are very clean and neat, and never does one find an erased or corrected note. In the chaconne, however, he was somewhat careless in writing accidentals; his sharp sometimes looks like a natural, and his flats are very small. It was very interesting to observe frequent bowing marks in the chaconne, for I had always heard from the wise-ones that Bach never wrote anything but the naked notes. It is true that he has assigned no tempo and no signs of expression, no fingering, and so forth. The only heading in connection with the whole piece is the simple word "Ciaconna." The arpeggio part is not written out; Bach merely gives the chords and places above the direction, "Arpeggio."

The theater of the Normal School was crowded on Tuesday evening, June 26, when the pupils of Miss Ettie Rundle, ex-organist of Queen street Methodist church, gave a varied recital of vocal and piano selections. Both solo and ensemble work were presented, and the interest was maintained throughout the entire programme. All taking part gave evidence of sound training. The kindergarten class rendered several choruses in a pleasing manner.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough has removed from 1 North Sherbourne street to 48 Hawthorne avenue, Rosedale.

Mr. Arthur Blight has been appointed musical director of Grimsby Park for the entire season. After several requests, Mr. Blight has decided to give a short summer course in voice culture. For terms apply to Grimsby Park.

One of the most successful vocal recitals ever given in Hamilton took place on Thursday evening, June 28, in the Conservatory of Music Hall, given by the pupils of Mrs. Mildred Walker. The Hamilton singers were assisted by several of Mrs. Walker's Toronto pupils, and the difficult numbers on the programme were rendered with great ease and a full, vibrant quality of tone denoting splendid training. The large audience testified their appreciation by enthusiastic applause, and handsome bouquets were presented to a number of the singers, and also to Mrs. Walker, who made a most efficient accompanist. The following programme was rendered: "Sainted Mother, Guide His Footsteps" (Maritana), Wallace, Dora and Theodore Ives; "Adieu Marie," Adams, Minnie Culp; "Hearst Thou," Mattei, Marie Lalliberti; "The Swallows," Cowan, Eliza Fraser; (a) "The Penitent," Van der Water, (b) "Elaine," Barrett, Josephine Bridgeland; (a) "Magnetic Waltz," Ardit, (b) "Villanelle," Dell' Aquila, Antoinette Lalliberti; "I Am Waiting," Birch, Edward Bichler; (a) "Lieti Signor" (Les Huguenots), Meyerbeer, (b) "Trysting," Hallam, Hazel Bell; (a) "Cradle Song," Katie Vannah, (b) "Yellow Roses," Watson, Katie Rock; "Fleeting Days," Bailey, Dora Ives; "Love in Springtime," Ardit, Ethel Housego; "I Dreamt," Schirra, Georgie Rogers; "Dio Posent" ("Faust"), Gounod, Theodore Ives; "The Golden Pathway," Gray, Josephine King; "Good-Bye," Tosti, Victoria Stephenson; "My Jacqueline," Johnson, Josephine Place; "Never to Know," Marzials, Marie Lalliberti.

Pupils of Mr. Frank C. Smith gave a most successful concert in the R. S. Williams Recital Hall on Tuesday evening, June 26. Mr. Smith has a number of very promising pupils. Master Benedict Clark played the Mazurka de Concert by Musin, and received quite an ovation. Miss Ruth Coryell was equally successful with "La Fille du Regiment." Master Clarence Watson showed excellent taste as regards tone and phrasing in "Le Cygne" by Saint-Saëns, and a Minuet by Boccherini. Miss Edith Edmandson was at her best in the "Perpetuum Mobile" by Bohm; Miss

Ethel Evans displayed a fine technique in Hubay's "Hejre Kati," and Miss May Ryan's tone was particularly beautiful in Schumann's "Abendlied." Others taking part were Misses Beatrice Clark, Louise Cromer, Marguerite Orr, Beatrix Ruchonnet, and Rose Conover, Messrs. Thomas Noble, Charles Dunning, Murray Muir, Norman Lawless, C. L. Morgan, Gordon Taylor, Fred Denning, John and Harry Noble. A feature of the programme was the "Largo," by Handel, played by eighteen violins in unison.

A recital of pianoforte music was given before a large audience in St. George's Hall, Oshawa, on Tuesday evening last, by Miss Hazel Ellis, Miss Edith Ross, Miss May Dillon, and Miss Florence McKay, four advanced pupils of W. F. Pickard, organist of Bloo street Baptist church, Toronto. The playing of these young ladies gave evidence of exceptional musical ability, both inherent and acquired, and the following exacting programme was given a thoughtful and mature interpretation: Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, Bach (transcribed for two pianos by Burmeister); Liebestraume No. 3, Liszt; Waltz, Op. 42, Chopin; Rondo Brillante, Op. 29, Mendelssohn; Zingara, Chamade; and Scherzo (for two pianos), Saint-Saëns. Able vocal assistance was given by Mrs. E. R. Hare.

Regarding the causes which led to Mozart's early death, a number of interesting details are given in a recent number of the Paris "Revue Médicale," which is printing a series of articles in which the maladies of famous men of the past are studied in the light of modern medical science. On the strength of the death certificate it is commonly assumed that Mozart died of inflammation of the membranes of the brain. Dr. J. Barraud of Bordeaux, however, shows conclusively that what he succumbed to was Bright's disease. As a boy of six, Mozart, though healthy, was delicate and very nervous; the sound of a trumpet would almost cause him to faint. At the same age he had scarlet fever, and three years later typhoid, with a relapse. During the time he ought to have devoted to convalescing he worked hard, writing six symphonies and as many sonatas. In 1767 he had smallpox in a virulent form; during nine days he was almost blind. In 1781 he was again weakened by a persistent attack of influenza. The body which he brought to the great tasks of the last years of his life was so feeble that he fainted on the slightest provocation, and had to take to his bed. Poverty compelled him to add over-work to the causes which undermined his health. When the success of "The Magic Flute" promised to improve his financial situation it was too late; the mischief was done; any slight accident upset his brain. Hallucinations were frequent during the last months of his life; his hands and feet were swollen, and he was pitifully pale and emaciated. Dr. Barraud thus sums up the case: "Overwork, constant feeling of exhaustion, direst distress. Mozart is used up at the age of thirty-five; all his vital force is gone, and now he is seized by the disease which carries him off; rapid loss of strength, attacks of suffocation and swooning, swelling of the extremities—if that is not Bright's disease then there is no such malady."

The Doric Quartette sang at a garden party in Georgetown on Monday night, the 2nd inst., and created a most favorable impression. There were about eighteen hundred people on the grounds, and the reception of the singers at the end of each number was specially enthusiastic. While at Georgetown the quartette were waited on by two committees and asked to return for two other events, one in August and one a little later on.

The Victoria Cross.

The intrinsic value of the Victoria Cross, the most highly prized decoration in army and navy, is about 1 1/2 pence. It was instituted by royal warrant of January 29, 1856, as a reward of gallantry of all ranks, and the first presentation (of sixty-two crosses) was made by the late Queen Victoria in person on Friday, June 26, 1857. It is in the shape of a Maltese cross and is made to this day out of metal from old Russian cannon captured at Sebastopol.—"St. James Gazette."

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A man accompanied by his wife visited a merchant tailor to order a suit of clothes. The couple differed as to the material and the manner of making and the wife lost her temper. "Oh, well," she said, turning away, "please yourself; I suppose you are the one who will wear the clothes." "Well," observed the husband meekly, "I didn't suppose you'd want to wear the coat and waistcoat."

"About the best advice that I ever had was given me once by an old fellow who took care of the furnace in my house," said a wine lover. "There was a cask of cheap wine in the cellar, the contents of which had mysteriously grown less. 'How can I stop them from stealing that wine?' I asked the furnace man. 'That's easy enough, sor,' said he, 'just put a cask of good wine alongside of it.'

Klopstock, the German poet whom his admirers rashly compared to Milton, was once questioned at Gottingen as to the exact meaning of one of his stanzas. He read it over once or twice, and then delivered this judgment: "I cannot remember what I meant when I wrote it, but I do remember that it was one of the finest things I ever wrote, and you cannot do better than devote your lives to the discovery of its meaning."

This is from the "Champagne Standard," by Mrs. John Lane: "The well-authenticated story goes that at a dinner party the other night, after the ladies returned to the drawing-room, the hostess, her broad expanse tinkling with diamonds, leaned back in a great tufted chair and shivered slightly. A footman went in search of the lady's maid. 'Francoise,' said the magnate's lady with languid magnificence, 'I feel chilly; bring me another diamond necklace.'

It is related that Major-General Wood of the United States army was prevailed upon one evening at a Washington club to recount some experiences of the Cuban campaign. Among the members of the club who furnished the audience for General Wood was a well-known physician. "And how do you feel, General?" he asked, with a trace of sarcasm, "after you have professionally killed a man?" "Oh," responded Wood, carelessly, "we don't mind it any more than you do."

A certain theological student undertook, one vacation season, to sell fire-extinguishers. His pleasing address and affability enabled him to make many sales. However, he encountered the usual rebuffs which are the experience of all agents. The theological student had gained access into the office of a surly broker, and forthwith began extorting on the debugging powers of his incomparable fire-extinguisher. "To hell with it!" roared the broker, fiendishly. "Oh, my dear man," expostulated the theologian, "this extinguisher does not deserve the extreme virtue with which you credit it."

The late Rufus E. Shapley, the brilliant Philadelphia lawyer, wrote "Solid for Mulhooly," which had an immense success. Once at a dinner an editor congratulated Mr. Shapley warmly on "Solid for Mulhooly." The editor said it was powerfully written. Mr. Shapley replied: "Yes, I suppose I am a powerful writer. The other day I wrote a letter of condolence to the widow of an old friend, and I understand that the lady no sooner read my letter than, changing her black gown to a pink one, she went to a matinee."

A lawyer to be successful must have the tact which turns an apparent defeat to his own advantage. One of the most successful of verdict winners was Sir James Scarlett. His skill in turning a failure into a success was wonderful. In a breach of promise case the defendant, Scarlett's client, was alleged to have been cajoled into an engagement by the plaintiff's mother. She was a witness in behalf of her daughter, and completely baffled Scarlett, who cross-examined her. But in his argument he exhibited his tact by this happy stroke of advocacy: "You saw gentlemen of the jury, that I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been?"

A Parsee visiting London for the first time dined one night with the

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Bishop, who tried to convert him. Now, the Parsees are sun worshippers, and it did not occur to the Bishop when he took up his line of argument that the London winter season is one long, cold, wet fog, and that the sun never shows himself. Said the Bishop: "Here you are, my friend, a man of culture, widely travelled, generous, brave, wise, and yet you worship the sun. How can you do it? I can't understand how any sensible person should worship a created object such as the sun." "Ah, but you should see it once," cried the Parsee warmly. "You have no idea what a splendid thing it is."

Among the wild escapades remembered of Lord Waterford's youth is one of the time when he was living in Dublin with his uncle, the primate. Coming home late at night, he had a great quarrel with his cabman about the fare and left the man swearing outside the door. Dashing into the hall, he found his uncle's gown and trencher lying on the side table, and, putting them hastily on, he turned and, going out with a stick and a gruff voice, said: "What do you mean by coming here and trying to cheat my nephew? I'll teach you not to do such things for the future," and he thrashed him soundly. The man went away to boast that he had been thrashed by the Archbishop of Armagh in person.

The recent death of Bignon, the famous restauranteur of Paris, set afloat many stories about him. Among his patrons was Aurelian Scholl. It was he who told of a little mistake in addition to which he once called Bignon's attention. On two successive days Scholl had ordered precisely the same dejeuner. For the first the charge was 23 francs; the next day the bill was 28. Bignon was summoned. "How is this? A discrepancy of five francs, and for the same items?" "Strange, indeed," said Bignon; "I will inquire." Soon he returned radiant. "Just as I thought! The cashier made a mistake against herself of five francs yesterday. But I will not make you pay it!"

A gentleman travelling in Europe engaged the services of a courier. Arriving at an inn in Austria the traveller asked his servant to enter his name in accordance with the police regulations of that country. The man replied that he had already anticipated the order and registered him as an American gentleman of means. "But how did you write my name?" asked the master. "I can't exactly pronounce it; but I copied it carefully from your portmanteau, sir." "But it is not there," was the reply. "Bring me the book." The register was brought and revealed, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry: "Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather."

Frank Smith has a number of mail-carrying contracts in San Francisco. His wagons take the mails to and from the post-office and trains. He was not able to operate his wagons on the day of the earthquake, but he got them going the second day. The Post-office Department complimented him for getting the wagons out the second day, but fined him for not having them at work the first day. That reminds one of a mail carrier in Maine who took the mails part of the way in a canoe. One day the canoe upset and the carrier was drowned. The Post-office Department sent an inspector up to the route, found how much of his route the carrier had covered up to the time he was drowned and pro-rated his pay to that point.

A certain police officer had bought a camera and became deeply interested in developing, toning, enlarging, reducing and the various other photographic processes. Shortly after he had embarked on this new hobby, the police captain got an order for the arrest of a man who had fled to a neighboring town. Along with the order came the man's photograph. The captain hastened with the photograph to his studio, and there he copied it, developed the negative, and made six prints. Writing the terse order, "Arrest this man," on the back of each print, he sent them immediately to the neighboring town, whence, the next day, he received the following dispatch: "Have arrested five of the incriminated men, and hope to land the sixth before nightfall."

The late Alfred Lee, author of the famous "Champagne Charlie" song, said a musician, "outlived his popularity by some forty years. Of the song 'Champagne Charlie' everybody had heard, but Alfred Lee, its composer, was an unknown man. Why, this poor fellow made only \$30 out of the most famous comic song of the last century. I once met Lee in England. He was quiet and mild and absent-minded. His wife, to tell the truth, found him a bit mindless rather than a trial. She began, one day at dinner, to tell him an interesting experience she had had. He sat gazing straight before him. In the middle of her story she broke off. 'But I see your mind is elsewhere,'

Alfred," she said, with a sigh. "I'll tell you this some other time. I'm only bothering you now." "Oh, no. Keep right on, my dear," said Lee. "I'm not listening."

Corporal James Tanner, command-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was praising the bravery of a private who had fallen at Gettysburg. "But all were brave," he ended. "Privates and officers were alike in their terrible bravery." He paused. "They were alike in their bravery," he said, "as certain Greek troops were alike in their prudence during the war with Turkey. A year or so after that war was ended, a Greek general was leading a procession through the streets of a populous village when a young man ran to him, and, seizing his hand, kissed it. 'Thank you, my friend,' said the general, leaning down from his saddle. 'Thank you,' answered the young man. 'Thank you, my saviour. For you, General, saved my life.' The general, smiling, said: 'Your face is unknown to me. Tell me how I saved you?' 'Why, sir,' said the soldier, 'I served under you in the terrible engagement of April 7, and when you ran away at the beginning of the fight, I followed close behind. Otherwise I should most certainly have been killed.'

There is a well-known English bishop who writes a very bad hand. This bad hand causes a sad error to happen some years ago. A young clergyman had written to the bishop to inquire about a vacant curacy, and the reply that the young man got informed him that the salary was small and the work difficult. But there was one mitigating circumstance. The incumbent, among his other duties, would visit the earl every morning and spend two hours there. The curate would have rejected the post but for the daily visit to the earl. That attracted him. There would, no doubt, he told himself, be many fashionable dinners, to which he would naturally be invited. He would make many friends among the rich and powerful. These friends would be able to help him in his career. The earl, perhaps, had daughters. One of them—who knows?—stranger things had happened. And so the curate accepted the difficult and poorly paid curacy, to discover, on his first visit to the town, that he had misread the bishop's letter, and that his daily two hours' visit was not to the earl, but to the jail.

One Lacking.

She wears a sailor hat, But is never known to sail; She never drives an auto, But she wears an auto veil; She has a golfing costume, But she never cares to play; She never, never dances, But affects decollete; She has a riding habit, But is never known to ride; And she has a dainty bathing suit, That's never seen the tide; She has a tennis costume, But is never on the court; And divers other outfit; According to report; She has costumes by the dozen. Everything that you can guess, But she's never found a reason To get a wedding dress!

—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

The Unnecessariness of Woman.

A writer to a New York newspaper recently exclaimed with heat, "I admire and respect all good and true women, but when they claim we cannot get along without them, I say bosh!" There is something so conclusive about this that we may well make it the text for some remarks on the unnecessariness of woman. The correspondent confesses, "We are all willing to retain the right kind of women, and most of us will do our part." That is to say, this gentleman would permit the right woman to stay a while longer. But when a woman says she is necessary, that she subserves any sort of fundamental use, this gentleman's indignation bosh closes the door in her face. He says he knows women who nag their husbands to earn more money. We take it that when a woman drives a \$1,000-a-year man to a \$3,000-a-year job the question of her unnecessariness has two sides. We infer that this complainer is simply up against the usual vacation suggestion. She wants to go somewhere, see live people, and keep up the illusion that she is on earth. He wants to sit on the back porch of his city home and fan himself to sleep every night. She, blessed woman! wants to get him away to the mountains or the seashore and blow the cobwebs out of his head. He is just plain stingy. As near as we can diagnose the situation, that's what's the matter with this man.—"Judge."

Municipal Ownership.

"I suppose," said the student of economics, "that your city has never taken up the subject of municipal ownership."

"Oh, yes," answered Broncho Bob.

"We have to give it a little thought. Every now and then one of the boys gets to thinkin' he owns the town, but we generally manage to get him quieted an' docile before there's any real harm done." —"Washington Star."

Winston Churchill's Remarkable Memory

R. WINSTON CHURCHILL is a young man whose vagaries are as remarkable as his genius. His natural gifts, such as tricks of memorizing, etc., are also surprising. "T. P." in his "Books of the Week," gives some very interesting excerpts, from the new volume by H. W. Lucy, on "The Balfourian Parliament," of which none are racier than those relating to Winston Churchill. Says T. P.:

One of the most interesting passages is that which describes the maiden speech of Mr. Winston Churchill. "It was indeed," comments Mr. Lucy, "excellent alike in matter and in form, and has established the position of the young member for Oldham as a debater who will have to be reckoned with, whatever Government is in office." Mr. Lucy does not note a fact, which is very conspicuous in my memory of this beginning of a remarkable Parliamentary career, namely, that Mr. Churchill was extremely and almost painfully nervous. I note the fact because it is supposed that this Parliamentary youngster is quite free from all human weaknesses, which is not true. There is another statement in this sketch of Mr. Lucy's which apparently was justified at the time, but, I think, is not justified now. "Winston Churchill is not likely to eclipse the fame of Randolph, who was a statesman as well as a consummate debater." As a matter of fact, I believe that the son is an abler and more agreeable speaker than the father, and that, with his wider education and better training, he is likely to have a more remarkable career. In one respect the father and the son are very much alike, and that is the possession of a phenomenal memory, a most admirable weapon in the armory of the Parliamentarian.

Mr. Lucy gives an example of this:

In delivering his speech recently he was evidently fully supplied with notes, but he did not use his manuscript for the purpose of reading a single sentence. I happened to sit next to him at dinner after his triumph in the House, and mentioned an incident in a delivery of a speech of nearly an hour's duration. Quoting from the letter his father wrote Lord Salisbury on the eve of Christmas, 1886, resigning the chancellorship of the Exchequer, I noticed that when only half way through the reading he closed the book and recited the closing passages.

"Yes," he replied, "I felt it would be easier to recite the letter than to read it from a book held in my hand, so I learned it off."

He added that his speech, which, fully reported, filled three columns of close print, had all been written out. He learned it off by heart and delivered it as if it were an extemporaneous effort, a delusion artfully assisted by occasional interpolation of sparkling sentences referring to points made by speakers preceding him through the evening.

"If," he said, "I read a column of print four times over I commit it so perfectly to memory that I could forthwith recite it without an omission or error."

Lord Randolph had the same gift; he could recite full pages of Gibbon's history, and Gibbon's history is by no means an easy book to remember.

Gladstone's Reading Habits.

Gladstone's activity as a book collector is interestingly discussed in an article on his library in the "Nineteenth Century" for June. He took to reading at a very early age, and, like many another boy, was enthralled by "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Arabian Nights." In his school days, and indeed through his whole career, he was an eager student of Homer. Late in life he confessed an enormous debt to Aristotle, Augustine, Dante, and Butler. When he was fifty years old his growing library necessitated the addition of a new wing to the castle at Hawarden. Yet he was "by no means a rabid book-buyer." For rare books, first editions, and elaborate bindings he had no special passion, though he was glad enough to get them. "Second-hand catalogues," says the writer in the "Nineteenth Century," "rained in by every post, and were always carefully scanned and marked for immediate purchase." Mr. Gladstone's tastes ran strongly to religion, theology, and such kindred topics as history



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Mr. Choleric, the Inhuman Horseman
Whose New Auto Has Balked.

and philosophy. He was, in fact, sometimes accused of being more theologian than statesman. Whenever he saw a book on witchcraft, strange religious sects, and the ethics of marriage, he invariably bought it; but, as everyone is aware, he was an omnivorous reader; he enjoyed Shakespeare and Scott, and was fond of turning over the pages of the latest novel.—"New York Post."

How is This For High?

United States Senator Clay of Georgia was once showing a constituent the sights of the national capital when the Washington monument was reached.

"What do you think of it?" carelessly asked the senator, as the constituent stood gazing in awe at the stately shaft.

"Senator," responded the Georgian gravely, "that's the darnedest, highest one-story building I've ever seen!" —"American Spectator."

J. P. M.

The Sunday school teacher was trying to impress upon her young scholars the biblical promise, "the meek shall inherit the earth," and she said:

"Now, Willie, who does the Bible say shall inherit the earth?"

"I don't know, ma'm," replied Willie.

"Oh, yes, you do. The word begins with m."

"Oh, yes: Morgan." — Yonkers Statesman.

Safer.

"Of course I don't want to criticize, but I don't think it was altogether right for David to say 'all men are liars'."

"Well, at any rate, it was safer than to pick out one man and say it to him." —Philadelphia "Ledger."

Some plants rise in rose time.
Exchange.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Are We?

Every once in a while some one says to us, "You're too far east," but somehow we can't help thinking that we are in just the right spot—and while we are in the humor, we'll tell you our reasons for thinking that way. First of all, everyone who comes to our store gets a square deal, which means that a well pleased customer is going to talk about it to his or her friends. See the point? Second, we never allow a complaint to go unadjusted in every particular. Result, more confidence in our store and methods established. We keep a competent staff of the best salesmen we can get—and they are never idle. We enjoy a most generous response to our advertisements. We have on our list of customers many of the very best families in Toronto, and on the other hand we have the best trade of the mechanics and artisans of the city. We have time to wait upon all, and the glad hand, accompanied with a cheerful smile, is extended to all, whether you buy or not. So, take it all in all, we are well satisfied with our location, and naturally when some one says we are too far east, we ask the question: Are we? We know not.

COME ON IN!

OAK HALL

Clothiers

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Right opposite the "Chimes"

J. COOMBES, Manager



"You old fool, he says, will you have me?"

sense she grew up, as well as every thing on the farm, an' we can do nuthin', as she's boun' to have this ole man. May God have mercy on his sole."

Having given the registration details, she said: "Now, I would like to rig up a bit." So I conducted her madder and madder, and by this time was fairly at boiling point. Making a funnel of one hand, which she held against the groom's ear, with a shriek, like a circus calliope—the same, doubtless, which she had used when courting him—accompanied by a whack on the back with the closed fist of the other, she said: "You old fool, he says will you have me?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" he beamed, and at that she added, calliope again: "Where he astes you a question, I will give you a thump like this" (giving him a rousing one) "and then you are to say 'yes!'"

"All right," said the groom, smiling. "I see." And she thumped him through the rest of the ceremony—to thump him all through life.

GEORGINA SEEING.

Toronto, July, 1906.

Society at the Capital.

WHAT will probably be the lot of the large "sessional" entertainments that have been so frequent this season came off on Tuesday afternoon when the Speaker of the House of Commons, Hon. R. F. Sutherland, and Mrs. Sutherland gave a large and most delightful garden party on the pretty grounds on Parliament Hill. Everything was looking fresh and green after the heavy rain of Sunday, and the temperature, if ordered for the occasion, could not have better suited the feelings of the large number of guests, the majority of whom were of the fair sex, although a great many Senators and members of Parliament joined the gay throng during the latter part of the afternoon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier also found time to leave his numerous Parliamentary duties, and was heartily welcomed during the course of proceedings. The pretty summer house on the brow of the hill overlooking the Ottawa River made an admirable reception room, and was gaily hung with flags and decorated with lots of flowers, ferns, palms, etc. A large marquee erected nearby was used as a dining-room, where dainty refreshments were temptingly arranged on a flower-decked table, and an orchestra played charmingly throughout the afternoon. Mrs. Sutherland was daintily gowned in a

pretty mauve organdie, trimmed with lots of fluffy lace, and her sister, Miss Bartlett of Windsor, who shared her onerous duties, wore a very smart costume of blue and white summer silk and large black picture hat. Mrs. Hanbury-Williams looked well in a prettily tinted pompadour silk, with which she wore a black hat with ostrich plumes. Lady Laurier wore her favorite color, heliotrope, which is becoming to her, with hat to match. A constant flow of guests came and went from four until seven o'clock, and included all the sessional people who are still in town, as well as all Ottawa's four hundred.

Another large event of the week was a luncheon, given on Thursday by Mrs. Grant Needham of the Ottawa Ladies' College in honor of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who, with Captain Macdonald, A.D.C., arrived in town on Thursday morning and left again on Friday. The table on the occasion was arranged in a hollow square around a large pillar, which was artistically entwined with smilax and wild roses, the windows being draped with flags and maple branches. Large bowls of lovely pink roses were arranged on the table, and the souvenir menu cards bore on them pretty little pictures of the College. Rev. Dr. Armstrong presided at the head of the table, and among

the guests were Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, General and Mrs. Lake, Mr. R. L. and Mrs. Borden, Hon. R. F. and Mrs. Sutherland, and others to the number of about fifty, absence from town preventing many of those invited from being present.

The groom, poor old chap, how I pitied him! On account of his years he was bent and awfully wobbly-kneed, yet he had a kind face, and looked at her as if he adored her.

Well, the ceremony began, and everything went merry as the proverbial marriage bell, until the question was reached: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" when the old man said, "Eh?"

The parson's eyes twinkled. "I am very sorry," he drawled, "but, you see, I am married already!"

With a toss of her head, she said: "Oh! I meant would you marry me to him?" pointing to the man.

"You see," she went on, "I have my weddin' dress and fixin's right here," giving the valise a kick, "and anything you want to know about either of us, I will tell you, as he is kind of deaf."

The parson hesitated, and inquired if her parents were aware of what she was doing.

"Oh, yes, ma wrote this letter; I just made her, for fear there would be a hitch," she handed it to him.

The letter read: "Dere Sur,—It's all rite, she has bossed her pa an' me all her life, an' the meetin' house

is a little more than 'kind of deaf,' and in his perplexity the perspiration began gathering on his brow. Though the window was open, and a nice breeze stirred the curtains, he was having a hot time.

Raising his voice and approaching nearer, he fairly roared in the groom's ear: "Wilt thou have this woman?"

By this time quite a little crowd of people had collected on the pavement in front of the open window, and were in a state of huge delight, and when the old man groaned back, when their guests were Mrs. Godfrey Spragge, Mrs. Leslie Macoun, Miss Elizabeth Borden, Miss Fielding, Miss Nahni Power, Miss May Griffin and her guest, Miss Garland of Wilmington, Delaware, Miss Jessie Coates, Miss Lucy Kingsford, Miss Kitty Power of Halifax, and Miss Chadwick.

The type to which this individual belongs is by no means extinct.

Only last December a Yorkshire daily paper contained an interesting account of a man who had ruined himself by his prodigal gifts. He was finally left penniless, and ended his days in extreme poverty in the very almshouse which he had given to the town for the use of its deserving poor.

The story goes that the builder and founder of this almshouse was a man of so extraordinarily generous a disposition that he literally begged himself by his prodigal gifts. He was finally left penniless, and ended his days in extreme poverty in the very almshouse which he had given to the town for the use of its deserving poor.

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A Big Yankee Hoax

MANY newspaper readers will recall with peculiar interest the most daring and successful hoax of American history, the famous Cardiff Giant, says a writer in the "Four-Track News."

October 16th, 1869, a Syracuse paper contained an account of an astonishing discovery made the day before on a farm owned by William C. Newell, just outside of the little village of Cardiff, Onondaga County, about eleven miles south of Syracuse. Newell was digging a well when he unearthed a monster figure more than ten feet in length, having the semblance and proportions of a giant. The figure bore every evidence of great antiquity, including the discolorations that would naturally result from long burial.

The discovery aroused the keenest popular and scientific interest, which Farmer Newell at once took steps to turn to pecuniary account. Having erected a large tent, he placed the figure inside, and charged fifty cents to the visitors who flocked to the place, at first from Syracuse and towns of the immediate vicinity, and later from more remote points in New York and other states. Newell's daily receipts ran into the hundreds, and before the stone giant was removed, his total revenue was about \$70,000.

Archaeologists, geologists and savants of every description went to Cardiff and subjected the giant to a minute inspection; and for a time scarcely a doubt was expressed as to the antiquity of the figure. A leading clergyman, noted for his scholarship, remarked: "When that man walked, the earth trembled."

After some weeks the giant was removed to Syracuse and placed on exhibition. Here Newell sold a three-fourths interest to three men, one of whom was David Hannum, who was the original of Mr. Westcott's "David U'rum." P. T. Barnum then appeared as a bidder for the giant, offering \$50,000 for it, but as the new owners would not sell, he had a plaster copy of the figure constructed, which he exhibited as "the original Onondaga Giant."

In the files of the Syracuse papers for October, 1869, are to be found many statements by prominent scientists, attesting their convictions that the statue was of great antiquity.

Among those who first pronounced the giant to be an ancient piece of sculpture was John F. Boynton, a local physician of considerable reputation as a geologist. After a few weeks' investigation, however, Dr. Boynton's suspicions as to the genuineness of Farmer Newell's "find" were aroused, and he soon obtained proof that the giant had been recently manufactured.

The secret of the Cardiff hoax was only partly discovered by Dr. Boynton. In the thirty-two years that have since elapsed the whole story has come out.

George Hull, a cigar manufacturer of Binghamton, first conceived the idea, after listening to a sermon in which reference was made to the giants of the Old Testament. While in the West, Hull discovered, near Fort Dodge, Iowa, a bed of gypsum. He bought an acre of the land containing the quarry, engaged a force of workmen, and in three weeks had a block of stone ready for use. This he shipped to Chicago, where he engaged an Italian stone-cutter, who carved out the figure after a model prepared in clay by Hull.

When the giant was finished it was sent to Cardiff, and reached Newell's farm in November, 1868, where it was placed in the grave prepared for it.

What finally became of the Cardiff Giant is not known. Some years ago it was rumored that the effigy had been consumed in the flames that destroyed a storehouse at Peoria, Illinois, but there is another claim that the giant is stored in a barn at Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

Calls Toronto "English."

Toronto, the Canadian Chicago and Mecca of summer resorters along the border, is now a city of 300,000 popu-

lation, and quite as "English" or foreign as if its site was across the Atlantic instead of simply across the Ontario from the States. Toronto has the distinctive Britain character, that is saying that it is solid and nobly built, and one soon easily imagines himself deposited in Liverpool. The people are sturdy, vigorous and healthy, and show their prosperity in their fine establishments, homes, togs and traps, the admirable physical conditions of their thoroughfares, and the stateliness of the Government, municipal and society structures that distinguish and ornament the city. In the approach by train one is impressed that he is entering no ordinary American city, and the picture from the Ontario is strikingly Venetian.

Toronto abounds in objects and places of interest to the passing tourist or resorter, from the Parliament and Municipal stone mammoths to the suburban villas and gardens, reached by swiftly gliding autos or in the open trolley cars. Across the harbor bay is Toronto's "Coney Island." The event of the summer or season, however, is the exposition week, always with a crack Britain band. The fashion event is the Toronto Horse Show, and it is a social as well as an equine exhibition that one is fully repaid in going far to see. In a word, the Toronto summer programme is internationally famed and it invariably maintains that reputation. Our correspondent writes that never before has Toronto had so many conventions booked for any summer as it has this one.—"Travels of the 400," Chicago.

The Story of "23."

Last week's "Saturday Night" contained an illuminating paragraph on the origin of the elegant and popular expression, "Skiddoo" and "23." A reader of the paper writes to say that he can give us the true origin of "23." We are glad in consequence. He says: The origin of "23" and "Skiddoo," like most of the slang that is used extensively, originated at the race-track. There are only twenty-two horses allowed in any race, and in passing out the gate the gatekeeper counts them out. One day when twenty-two horses had passed through the gate it was closed, and the gatekeeper raised his hand and said "Twenty-three, skidoo."

A Simple Explanation.

Lieutenant Spotwood was anxious to distinguish himself in the Service, and to get promotion. He prided himself on being pretty smart in detecting faults, so when he found himself officer of the watch, when he had been aboard his new ship a few days, he thought he was made for life.

"Hi, there, side party!" he shouted. "You haven't painted the ship near the water-line! What's the meaning of that?" he asked, thinking he had made a discovery that would lead to instant promotion.

"Shure, sort," said an Irishman, winking at his companions, "we painted down to the water-line when the ship was there, but the tide has ebbed since then."

"Oh, Ah! Yes; of course!" said the lieutenant. And he strode off perfectly satisfied.—"Answers."

Well, Well!

Timothy Woodruff tells of a family in Duchess County who recently took into their employ a rosy-cheeked Irish maid-of-all-work, whose blunders afford them amusement to compensate for any trouble she may entail.

One day the owner of the place stated in the girl's hearing that he intended to have a wood-house built on a piece of ground which at that time enclosed a well.

"Shure, sort," said the inquiring Margaret, "will you be movin' the well to a more convenient spot whin the wood-house is builded?"

As a smile crossed the face of her employer, Margaret at once perceived she had made a mistake of some sort.

"It's a fool I am, shure," she added, hastily, bound to retrieve herself, "of course whin the well was moved every drop of wather would run out of it!"—Harper's Weekly.

Summarized Chorus of Neighbors—It's an automobile tire! Now, where the blazes does he get money enough to own an auto?!

CONCERNING DEBT

I TELL you that in this matter of it is the little payments that finally wipe it out. No man can expect to keep in debt if he will hand out a cheque here and a cheque there. I knew a man who had a fair income and who was living very comfortably. He owed a lot of money, and I believe his creditors had given up all hope of getting a cent from him. He had not paid a penny on his back debts for years, and if he had allowed them to become outlawed he would have continued to live comfortably, as he was getting a good salary, but there came a time when he decided to send a small cheque to each of his creditors. There were not over twenty creditors, and I do not think he made out any cheque for more than ten dollars, but it was a drain on him. He had established a leakage, and its immediate effect was that he had to shut down on some of his comforts.

It might have stopped there, but it did not. Next month he made similar payments, and had to forego more comforts.

You will say, Why was he stopped when he saw he was being pinched? I cannot tell you why he did not. Perhaps he thought that the money he owed would do good to his creditors; perhaps he felt he was a bit of a benefactor in thus paying his debts. Who can tell what a man is thinking of when he takes the first step in a habit? For that's what it finally amounted to in the case of my friend. The first payments were impulsive, and I, for one, did not think they would be repeated. It was a distinct surprise to me when he made his second payments. I found that I had not known my friend as well as I thought I had.

Another month went by and again my friend got out his cheque-book and made out a lot more cheques, not one of them big in itself, mind you but the twenty amounting to a pinching sum, and that grand old debt, that historic debt of his, that had loomed up before him for so many years, was perceptibly smaller.

Why, he'd grown used to that debt! It was like a mountain that a man sees from his chamber window, and that he comes to look upon as a loved and inseparable companion, and here it was slowly but surely vanishing.

Perhaps he said to himself at this point: "Here, I've gone far enough; these people did not expect me to pay this money and they were happy without it. I'll stop."

But did he stop? No. Habits are insidious, and before he knew it another month had come round and he had made out twenty cheques again. And, although he now distinctly felt the pinch of comparative poverty, he did not seem to be able to break himself of his newly acquired habit.

Now, my dear friend, no man can go on systematically making great draughts on his indebtedness and expect it to remain what it was. We are told that the constant dropping of water will wear away a stone. My friend may have thought he was not paying out very much at a time, even though he was unable to command all his former creature comforts; but it takes but four weeks to make a month, and weeks flow on inevitably, and at an even rate, and at last my friend looked before him and—his mountain of debt was gone! It had vanished in thin air. He would never see that particular mountain again.

Oh, my friends, it's the first step that counts! If he had not yielded to his desire to make out a lot of little cheques, he might today be owing all that money, and living as he had done with not a want unfulfilled.

But there is a silver lining to every cloud. That man today is living as he did. He has stopped paying debts, because there are no more to pay. He has broken himself of the habit, and now pays cash, and he tells me he is just as happy as he was formerly. Perhaps so.

I tell him he is lucky to have the cash. It's not to be had for the picking up. Charles Battell Loomis, "The figures on those are only ounces," she said quietly. "Bring poor baby to me immediately!" she added, in a freezing tone. —"Answers."



Ackerman's "Dry-Royal" Champagne

will cost you just about one half of the so-called fashionable Wines and you will find it fully as good.

Lord Aberdeen when he was Governor-General of Canada used nearly 600 Cases at Government House during his four years' term of office. Whether for Health or Merriment you are getting full value for your money when you buy "DRY-ROYAL." Shipped by ACKERMAN-LAURANCE, ST. HILAIRE, ST. FLOR-ENT, FRANCE.

ESTABLISHED 1811

The Finest Dinner Wine in the World!

To be had from MICHEL & CO., WM. MARA & CO. and other leading Wine and Spirit Merchants

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, ESTABLISHED 1857. SOLE CANADIAN AGENTS.

Any Woman Can Easily Manage this Smart Simple Electric Automobile

It is not merely a "woman's car"—the Waverley Electric Automobile.

That might mean a weakly-built, over-light machine, that a woman could run, perhaps, but which would be out of use too much and too soon.

No, it's not just a "woman's car"—but it is THE car for a woman—the one automobile that is as easy to drive as a horse, and far safer for a woman's use than almost any horse—far safer.

It is a "little" car, this Waverley Electric—little as compared with the popular notion, derived from gasoline and steam-driven motor cars. It is lighter of weight than those, more graceful of appearance, daintier.

But it is a staunch car. It will run in and day out. It will need fewer repairs and suffer less depreciation than any gasoline or steam automobile. And it will not get out of order nearly so easily.

Weighing the Baby.

"My word!" said the proud father, looking with admiring eye at his baby son and heir, "He's a bumper! He must be weighed. Where are the scales?"

The scales were soon forthcoming, and he immediately set the baby on them.

"I'll try eight pounds," he thought, sliding the weight along the bar to that figure. "Won't do," he said. "More." And he slid the weight along several notches. "By Jove!" he cried. "He weighs more than ten pounds—eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen—good gracious!—fifteen, sixteen!" he counted. He could go no further, so he set the baby down and fairly gasped. "Heavens!" he murmured, "he's the heaviest baby in the country! The scales won't register any higher!" And he rushed off to tell his wife.

"What scales did you weigh him on?" asked the young mother, with some anxiety.

"On the old kitchen scales."

"The figures on those are only ounces," she said quietly. "Bring poor baby to me immediately!" she added, in a freezing tone. —"Answers."

At Home.

Andrew Carnegie enjoys telling how, until a comparatively recent date, the old-time Scotch prejudices were retained by the hard-headed professors at the University in Aberdeen.

There was a certain Professor Cameron, who had a weakness for the refinements and minor graces of life: so, just after "at home" cards became fashionable, one of the driest specimens of the old professional régime was the recipient of a missive from Cameron which read as follows:

"Professor and Mrs. Cameron present their compliments to Professor Pirie, and hope that he is well. Professor and Mrs. Cameron will be at home on Thursday evening, the 12th instant, at 7.30 o'clock."

The crusty old chap to whom this note was addressed replied in this wise:

"Professor Pirie returns the compliments of Professor and Mrs. Cameron, and begs to inform them that he is very well. Professor Pirie is glad to learn that Professor and Mrs. Cameron will be at home on Thursday evening, the 12th instant, at 7.30

o'clock. Professor Pirie will also be at home."

Going to Be Married.

In France it used to be necessary to have a certificate of confession before a fellow could get married, and on one occasion a young man went to the priest for this purpose and observed:

"You may take it, father, that I have committed all the sins that a gentleman could."

"Are you sorry?" inquired the priest. "Quite penitent?"

"M—yes," replied the other.

"Then depart in peace and sin no more," said the priest.

"Is there no penance, holy father?" asked the young man.

"Did you not say that you were going to be married, my son?" answered the holy man.—Kansas City "Independent."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

ROGERSON—On Friday, June 29, 1906, at 1612 Brunswick avenue, Mrs. Rogerson, a son.

MATTHEWS—Toronto, July 2, Mrs. Wilmot L. Matthews, a son.

MITCHELL—Toronto, July 2, Mrs. George G. Mitchell, a son.

Marriages.

SMALLPEICE—SYLVESTER—

On June 28, 1906, at St. Paul's church, Bloor street east, by the Rev. Canon Cody, Alice Louise

Sylvester to Frank C. Smallpeice. BIRK—WILLIAMSON—Cayuga, June 30, Margaret Williamson to Martin Birk.

Deaths.

CREAN—At his residence, 242 Bloor street west, Toronto, on Saturday morning, June 30, 1906, Robert C. Crean.

BARWICK—Salisbury, England, July 1, Walter Barwick, K.C., aged 54 years.

DELANEY—Toronto, July 1, Mrs. John Delaney.

EMANEY—Toronto, July 2, James Emaney, aged 76 years.

PIPON—Salisbury, England, July 1, Charles Ashworth Pipon, aged 49 years.

SEAGER—Toronto, July 3, Edwin Ernest Seager, aged 56 years.

Established 1869. DANIEL STONE The Leading Undertaker Phone M. 931. 385 Yonge St.

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard) The Leading Undertaker 389 Yonge St. Phone M. 679

W. H. STONE & CO. FUNERAL DIRECTORS Carlton 32 Street Phone N. 3755

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Summer Furniture

We are making a line of furniture for the cottage in Ash and Rush Grass combined.

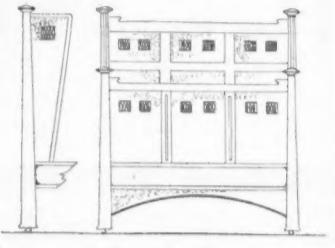
It is the most unique and effective furniture we have yet produced.

You are at all times welcome at our Studios, 91-93 West King Street.

Here you can see all that is new and original in House Furnishings.

Factory and Workshops, 1012 YONGE STREET

Write for monthly booklet.



Ash and Grass

O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER

The Liquid Food

There is plenty of good, wholesome nourishment in O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER" LAGER. Malt is rich in food properties—like wheat. Hops are an excellent tonic. When you drink O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER", you not only enjoy a delicious lager, but also food in its most easily digested form.

The Light Beer in The Light Bottle (REGISTERED)

Order from Your Dealer.

O'KEEFE BREWERY CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.



The Future Duke of Argyll

As the union of the present Duke of Argyll and of Princess Louise has remained childless, the next heir to the dukedom and to the many other dignities and estates is his brother, Lord Archibald Campbell, who, being a rich man and an enthusiastic Highlander, devoted to the maintenance of all the old customs and traditions of the Land of the North, may be relied upon not only to establish his headquarters at Inverary, when he succeeds to the dukedom, but likewise to revive all of its former glories and grandeur.

Lord Archibald, to whom the Scotch regiments of the British army are indebted for the retention of their distinctive kilts and tartans which the War Department was bent upon abolishing in 1881, is to-day the senior partner and most active manager of Coutts' Bank, where both the King and Queen keep private accounts, and which he entered on the nomination of Lady Burdett-Coutts five and thirty years ago. Previous to that he had held a clerkship in a firm of wine merchants at Bordeaux, and had afterwards spent four years in a similar capacity with a firm of tea brokers in Mincing Lane, London. In 1880 he spent a considerable portion of the year on the other side of the Atlantic, and after being entertained in New York for some weeks by Cyrus Field, went on to Ottawa to stay with his brother, the present duke, then the Marquis of Lorne and Governor-General of Canada, and it was while there that Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise had such a narrow escape from death, owing their rescue, indeed, to Lord Bagot, now married to Miss Lillian May of Washington, D.C., and of Maryland.

Lord Lorne and the Princess had been overtaken in the covered sleigh in which they were driving, and the coachman having been thrown off the seat, the horses were bolting straight toward the Ottawa lake and canal. Lord Bagot happened to be driving in a sleigh himself along the road, and, hearing a couple of horses bolting behind him, jumped out of his sleigh, determined to stop them, ignoring to whom they belonged. Jumping for their bridles, he was dragged for a considerable distance before he managed to throw one of them. A few feet more and the sleigh would have been over the bank.

Lord Archibald's cult for everything Scottish has led him to organize the so-called "Highland Association," which does for old Highland music much of the same work as the Eisteddfod does for the Welsh folk songs, and the movement has accomplished a great deal towards reviving the old Highland spirit by encouraging the children to sing the purely

THE PRECIOUS JEWEL OF SELF-ESTEEM

THE big head" is a disease that attacks men and horses. It is generally fatal to both man and beast.

A curious phase of the disease is that it seldom, if ever, attacks "a thoroughbred," either horse or human.

Most men bear adversity well.

They have to. But the true acid test of character is shown in how they bear prosperity.

To every man comes opportunity.

Those who can climb above the timber line on the Mountain of Success without getting dizzy keep on climbing till they reach the top.

The victim of the big head from sudden emergence into the higher altitudes has a sudden rush of importance to the brain. He thinks of himself, talks of himself and gets no higher. Sometimes, in fact, he falls back into the mud whence he came.

The man afflicted with nervous prosperity has no sense of color or proportion. He achieves notoriety and thinks it fame; he imagines he breaks the monotony of the skyline with the pinnacle of his importance, when it may be that the casual observer would not notice his presence while viewing the landscape.

Having a good opinion of oneself may be the desirable sort of self-esteem. Thinking others have it of you is egotism.

A wood-chopper in the heart of Paris worked amid the press of events from the French Revolution until the battle of Waterloo, and when, after the banishment to St. Helena, he heard someone speaking of Napoleon, asked, "Who's he?"

We met a portrait painter with a large clientele, a most successful man in his line, but yesterday. He hadn't read "The Jungle," had never heard of Upton Sinclair, and when told of the Packingtown exposure said: "Dear me, is that so?"

These are not single cases. There are a lot of other folks, not wood-choppers nor portrait painters, who are so occupied in their own affairs that the incidental celebrity of others is unknown to them.

Your little circle will praise your prominence to please you, but other little circles are praising other little prominences, and know you not.

Bear your successes without exultation. When eggs are the cheapest the hens cackle loudest.

Self-praise is most tactless. If you are dependent on popularity to aid you, you harm yourself greatly to rise above the station in life of your friends or family, and never more so than when by deeds or words you remind them of it.

The precious jewel of self-esteem must not be worn too openly. It is always the people who can't afford diamonds who claim that the wearing of them is ostentatious and bad taste.

Pretend you do not know the value of your advantages. The idol of today is the punching bag of tomorrow—New York "World."

A Song of Lovelace.

Love is the substance, and the shadow I

Who needs must follow, follow as he goes

In the noon sun or when the moon is high,

Through flowered fields or empty heights of snows.

My lot is to follow till I die

Close on the pathways of his wayward will,

And afterwards, I doubt not, faithfully

My ghost must travel in his footprints still.

How canst thou blame the shade's inconstancy?

How canst thou clamor for a shadow's faith?

Blame Love, who goes his way unstayed and free,

Not this poor slave who follows as he saith,

Oh, flower-lips, not long ye hold the bee—

Roses are many and the world is wide.

Cry out on Love the fickle, not on me;

I still must turn when most I would abide.

Love, who created me, hath made me his.

Not mine the peace of hearthstone and of home.

Love goes a-gypsying on paths of bliss

Swift as a wave and light as wind-blown foam;

And as he bends I bend to kiss his kiss,

And as he turns I turn. Ah, sweet, good-bye!

Not wholly shalt thou hate me, knowing this—

Love is the substance, and the shadow I.

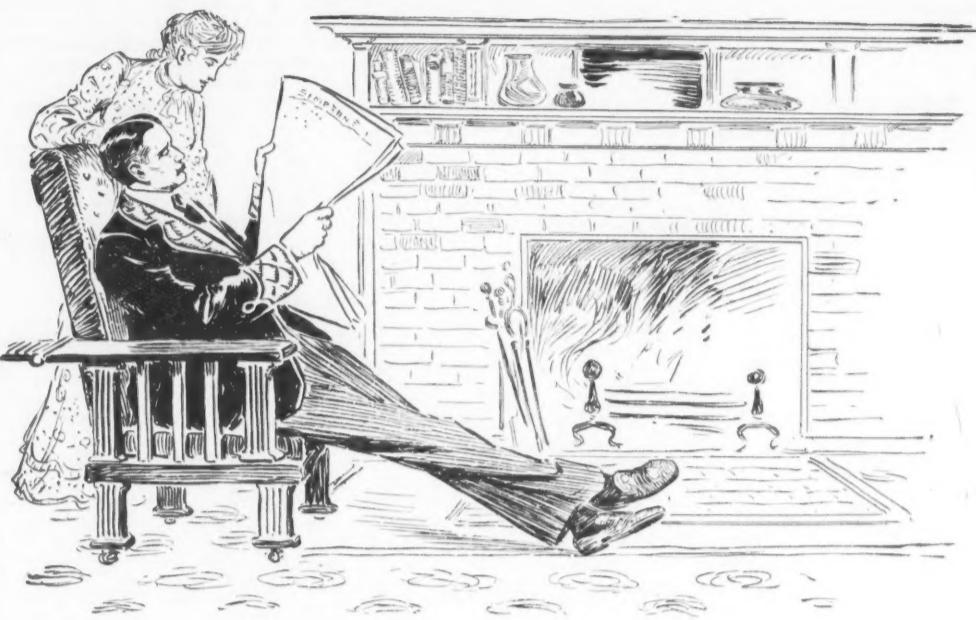
—Theodosia Garrison, in "Smart Set."

A Washington Distinction.

Customer: Give me two yards of honesty, please.

Clerk: Very sorry, madam, we are just out of honesty; but I can show you candour, which looks just like it, and is less expensive.—"American Spectator."

Simpson's Housefurnishing Club.



A Chance to Furnish Your House Now at Practically No Immediate Expense, and at No Ultimate Increase in Cost.

WE JUST want to ask one question, and you may answer it to yourself. Do you, or do you not, wish to do any housefurnishing this season, or within the whole present year? Decide that question definitely in your own minds first. Now, to those that do:—

This Housefurnishing Club of ours is open to **your** membership. Do you understand the plan? It is as simple as simplicity itself. If you agree to take \$25 worth of goods from our Carpet, Curtain, Furniture, or Picture Departments between now and the 31st of July, you may have the privilege of a **CHARGE ACCOUNT WITHOUT ONE CENT EXTRA TO PAY.**

That's all there is to it, but don't you think that's a whole lot?

The best values in Canada are yours to choose from, whether you join the club or not. It costs no more to be a member and you receive all that extra financial convenience.

Of course this club has some limitations. The membership is limited to 500, and closes July 31. But to-day—for **you**—there is no let or hindrance—absolutely. Just make up your mind now, see the Club Secretary in his office (Curtain floor), arrange about your payments, (we assume you will give satisfactory assurance of your ability to pay), and have the goods delivered as soon as you like. We can't put the case more strongly, more simply, or more frankly. If you know anyone who belongs to one of our former Housefurnishing Clubs, what we say of the present Club's advantages will be entirely corroborated.

The Robert Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.

Gentlemen:—Kindly enter my name as a member of your HOUSEFURNISHING CLUB. I expect to be in the store to arrange about my purchase on or about

Name _____

Address _____

SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

young man; "wrap me up two pairs of them."

When he had received the shoes he tendered in payment therefor \$3.

"Pardon me," said the proprietor, "but those shoes come to \$6."

"Not according to Hoyle," said the bright young man, with a triumphant grin, "three of a kind beat two pair."

"Very true," responded the suave proprietor, "but they don't beat four nines. Six dollars, please."—Harper's Weekly."

His Story was True.

"Here's a cup I got in Morocco," said the enthusiastic tourist, showing his collection of souvenirs, "you see it is an Arabic inscription."

His friend was turning the cup curiously around. At length he remarked, dryly:

"Yes, the inscription is Arabic all right."

"Sure!" replied the returned tourist, a little miffed at the intimation of a possible doubt.

"You can read it better if you turn the cup upside down," suggested the friend; and suiting the action to the word, he showed the tourist that the mysterious characters were nothing more than "1903" engraved in rough, irregular figures on the metal.

"The rascal!" exclaimed the outraged collector; "he told me that it was an Arabic inscription when he sold it to me!"

"He told you nothing more than the truth," was the reply. "You forgot that our numerals are Arabic."

But somehow from that moment the collector lost interest in the souvenir from Morocco.—New Orleans "Times-Democrat."

Those Congressmen.

"Here, hold my horse a minute, will you?"

"Sir! I'm a member of Congress!"

"Never mind. You look honest. I'll take a chance.—Louisville "Courier-Journal."

SAVING SHIPS BY WIRELESS

OT long ago a large freighter became disabled in the Gulf of Mexico. She was equipped with wireless telegraphy apparatus; so instead of hoisting distress signals to flap idly in the old way, the captain began to send out wireless messages in all directions. "We are disabled and need help," he said, giving the location of the ship. Soon there was a sputtering among the receiving instruments of the disabled vessel. Word was received from a distant vessel that the appeal had been heard and help was coming.

Wireless has come to the aid of the mariner to a remarkable degree, says the "World's Work." Take the case of the whaleback steamer "City of Everett," towing a barge of oil from Sabine Bar, Texas, to New York. The steel door of a forward turret was torn off by the sea, a compartment was flooded, and the ship became unmanageable. She was then about 150 miles from Port Arthur, Texas. From the wireless chart, showing the routes of the Gulf vessels, the captain saw that the ships "Col. E. L. Drake" and "Maverick" were about due at Port Arthur. He sought to locate them by wireless. The message, however, was answered by the "Captain H. F. Lucas," which was fifty miles distant. The "Everett" communicated her position, the "Lucas" did likewise, and they kept in communication until sighted. The disabled ship was then towed to the shelter of Ship Shoal, where she was repaired and enabled to proceed with her tow.

One day the Atlantic DeForest wireless operator at Manhattan Beach was advised that the steamer "Winifred" was ashore somewhere off Marcus Rock on the central Atlantic coast. The operator learned from his charts that the steamer "Larmer" was near that point; so he sent the captain this message: "Steamer 'Winifred' ashore somewhere off Marcus Rock. See if you can give her a pull. Tugboat and lighter will be there at high water. Answer." In four hours he had a reply from the captain, saying that he was trying to pull off the stranded ship.

By means of wireless the location of derelicts, a constant menace to navigation, becomes known. They can be avoided or destroyed. But a far more important aid to navigation is the distribution of storm warnings by wireless, particularly off Cape Hatteras "the graveyard of ships." At this point and elsewhere on the coast the DeForest station each day sends out the weather indications from Washington. These warnings are sent into the air at random to be caught up by all ships equipped with wireless apparatus and relayed by them until there is a sort of continuous chain of warnings.

Wireless is entering largely into the plans of Arctic explorers and promises to be a very necessary part of their operations. Heretofore the explorers in their hazardous dashes north have been cut off from communication with the world.

Now, Mr. Walter Wellman, who is to make the attempt in an airship, will take along three wireless experts with a complete DeForest outfit, and establish a chain of stations, so as to enable him to keep constantly in touch with civilization. Incidentally it will permit him to send at once the news of any achievement. The first station will be established on the Arctic steamship "Frithjof," which will be anchored at Spitzbergen while the airship is northward bound. A second station will be at Hammerfest, Norway, the most northerly point in Europe, which is already a cable station. Instead of sending the message up, as is normally the way, the explorers will have to send their message down. Wires trailing down from the hull of the ship will be the substitute for the steel mast usually employed to send wireless messages. Mr. Wellman will send as many messages as possible to the Spitzbergen station. Each message will give the exact longitude and latitude of the exploring party. If the messages suddenly stop coming, it will be an indication that some disaster has befallen the party, and it will be easy for the relief expedition to locate it.

Diplomacy That Pays.

When I started out to sell goods on the road it did not take me long to realize the importance of studying the very words I used as well as the necessity of never using a sentence which could in any way possibly offend either the intelligence or the sensibilities of the purchaser, says a writer in the "Saturday Evening Post." The man who does the buying usually thinks he knows his business and its needs, and the salesman who says, "You ought to have this," is brazenly impudent, and is building up a barrier between himself and the desired order which only the absolute merit of his proposition may overcome. The same thing can be said in a more effective way by proceeding in this manner:

"Mr. Smith, I have presented this proposition to a number of prominent firms in your line of business who have, wherever it fitted their needs, given me their order, and I thought possibly it might appeal to you." Then go on with what there is to say about the matter. In this way the

listener's intelligence is not insulted, and favor is gained for the salesman by the delicate compliment.

An entire talk should be thus carefully constructed.

How a single unhappy word can spoil a sale is illustrated in an incident of my early experience. I was soliciting the owner of a small manufacturing concern who, a few years before, had been a shop-foreman and then superintendent of another company. He was not a cordial man, and, during a lull in what had been a halting interview (owing to my experience and his frigidity), I sought to get a little nearer my man by exhibiting a familiarity with former days. I said:

"I believe you used to work for the Blank Company, didn't you, Mr. B?"

"No," he growled out. "I was one of the partners."

I had unfortunately hit on a sensitive point, yet had I asked him if he had not been "connected" with the company named I would have saved myself the humiliation of being immediately shut out and having to wait for more than a year before he would consent to talk with me again. In the time that intervened, however, I had assiduously eliminated all evidences which characterize the bombastic salesman with a loosely constructed talk.

A large percentage of salesmen go on year after year without improving. I know, because I talk with many of them daily who blunderingly try to sell me goods in about the same crude fashion I employed when I was a tyro.

Child Heart.

Mild heart, wild heart, O the little child heart,

And the little eyes that shine With the love that bubbles from the undefined heart Throbbing on this breast of mine.

Fairy heart, airy heart, O the little merry heart And the little arms that cling With the faith that follows deep amid the very heart Of the tender world of spring.

Gleam heart, beam heart, O the little dream heart And the little lips of bliss, With the hope that trembles, is and does not seem, heart,

In the riant rapture of their kiss. White heart, bright heart, O the little light heart,

And the little cheeks of rose, Laid upon my old heart, when we sing good-night, heart, And the little eyelids close.

Or the little child heart, mild heart, wild heart,

Starring all the world for me, When I take his hand and beside his unbeguiled heart Roam among the roses in the green countrie!

—Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore "Sun."

Something to Brag About.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were bosom friends. It was astonishing what a lot they knew about other people's business.

The conversation turned in the direction of a Mrs. Tittlesay, a new arrival in the next street.

"I hear she's suffering from appendicitis," declared Mrs. Brown.

"Suffering!" echoed Mrs. Jones contemptuously.

"Why, yes; didn't you know that?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, I heard she had got appendicitis," replied Mrs. Jones, "but, Lord! judging by the way they bragged about it I thought it was some sort of piano player! What is it, anyway?"—Answers."

A Luxury.

Two gentlemen dining in a New York restaurant were surprised to find on the bill of fare the item, "green bluefish."

"Waiter," one asked, "what sort of bluefish are green bluefish?"

"Fresh—right from the water," said the waiter, offhand.

"Nonsense!" said the man. "You know well enough they do not take bluefish at this season."

The waiter came up and looked at the disputed item.

"Oh, sir!" he said, with an air of enlightenment. "That's hothouse bluefish, sir."—Youth's "Companion."

His Method.

Three college boys who lived in Pasadena took a trip to Los Angeles and stayed as long as their money held out. The youngest fellow in the party, having only twenty-five cents in his pocket, got very nervous for fear his companions wouldn't have enough to buy his ticket back home. The two elder fellows, who had secretly purchased three tickets, said to the younger, "We've only got money enough to take two of us, but rather than leave you behind we'll stow you under a seat, where you can be entirely hidden from the conductor." The younger thought that anything was better than walking, so he got aboard with his friends and crawled under a seat, according to instructions. When the conductor came along the two men on top of the seat handed him three tickets.

"What's this third ticket for?" asked the conductor.

"Oh, that's for our friend," they explained. He's under the seat here. He always prefers to travel that way!"—Success."

THE HONEYMOON

HE honeymoon is a more or less blissful period that most of us live to enjoy at one time or another in our otherwise inglorious career. Some of us, indeed, have two or even more honeymoons; but the novelty wears off after the first, and there is decided flavor of sameness and tameness about its successors. Brides and bridegrooms vary vastly, according to their up-bringing, individual characteristics, temperament, nature, and worldly possessions; but most honeymoons are strangely alike, says a writer in "Modern Society."

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A large percentage of salesmen go on year after year without improving. I know, because I talk with many of them daily who blunderingly try to sell me goods in about the same crude fashion I employed when I was a tyro.

Child Heart.

Mild heart, wild heart, O the little child heart,

And the little eyes that shine With the love that bubbles from the undefined heart Throbbing on this breast of mine.

Fairy heart, airy heart, O the little merry heart

And the little arms that cling With the faith that follows deep amid the very heart

Of the tender world of spring.

Gleam heart, beam heart, O the little dream heart

And the little lips of bliss, With the hope that trembles, is and does not seem, heart,

In the riant rapture of their kiss.

White heart, bright heart, O the little light heart,

And the little cheeks of rose, Laid upon my old heart, when we sing good-night, heart,

And the little eyelids close.

Or the little child heart, mild heart, wild heart,

Starring all the world for me, When I take his hand and beside his unbeguiled heart Roam among the roses in the green countrie!

—Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore "Sun."

THE STANDARD CIGAR BRANDS OF HAVANA

MADE BY

The Independent Cigar Manufacturers

OF HAVANA, CUBA

Por Larranaga

High Life

Jose Otero

H. Upmann

Castaneda

El Ecuador

Benjamin Franklin

Romeo y Julieta

Punch

Figaro

Lord Nelson

Partagas

The above brands are made under the personal control and supervision of the oldest cigar manufacturers in Cuba, thus retaining for each its own individuality.

To be had at all the leading Cigar Stores throughout Canada.

Chas. Landau, P.O. Box 692 Montreal, Sole representative for Canada.



BRIAR PIPES

Are manufactured in England from the finest selected and seasoned Briar Root.

Every Pipe Guaranteed with Fair Usage not to Crack or Burn.

"HAVANA CIGARS."

We receive weekly shipments direct from Havana, Cuba, of all the world-renowned brands of Cigars in boxes of 100, 50, and special packings of 25 cigars in a box, suitable for week-end outings.

A. CLUDD & SONS, 5 King Street West. NEW STORE

THE POWER OF PERFECTION

was never more fully exemplified than in the success of

Dunville's Irish Whisky



Perfection

is that condition of absolute completeness to which many aspire, which few attain, which none can pass.

Success

is the natural outcome of "Perfection," and, in the case of DUNVILLE'S IRISH, affords striking evidence of the certain popularity to be obtained by "A Perfect Whisky."

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA: William Farrell, Limited.

26 and 28 St. Sulpice St., Montreal.

WHOLESALE WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS

An Unhealthy Business.

Miss Olga Nethersole, at a reception given in Philadelphia in her honor, told a quaint little story about actresses.

"There was a country girl," she

began, "who laid down her knitting healthy business, isn't it?"

With a sigh one night and said:

"Ah, mother, how I'd like to be one of those great actresses or singers on the stage."

"Would you?" said the mother, un-easily. "I don't know. It's an unusual life."

"Why is it?" asked the daughter.

"It must be," said the mother.

"Don't you always see their names in the papers, telling how they've been taking tonics and patent medicines and so on?"—Boston "Post."